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WINTER 1947

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ACCENT ANTHOLOGY

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ACCENT

A QUARTERLY OF NEW LITERATURE

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HENRY SILVERSTEIN:

On "Tom's Garland"

(O, once explained, how clear it all is!)—G.M.H.

TOM'S GARLAND: upon the unemployed

Tom — garlanded with squat and surly steel
Tom; then Tom's fallowbootfellow piles pick
By him and rips out rockfire homeforth — sturdy Dick;
Tom Heart-at-ease, Tom Navvy: he is all for his meal
Sure, 's bed now. Low be it: lustily he his low lot (feel
That ne'er need hunger, Tom; Tom seldom sick,
Seldomer heartsore; that treads through, pickproof, thick
Thousands of thorns, thoughts) swings through. Commonwealth
Little I reckon! lacklevel in, if all have bread:
What! Country is honour enough in all us — lordly head,
With heaven's lights high hung round, or, mother-ground
That mammoths, mighty foot. But no way sped,
Nor mind nor mainstrength; gold go garlanded
With, perilous, O no; nor yet plod safe shod sound;
Undenized, beyond bound
Of earth's glory, earth's ease, all; no one nowhere,
In wide the world's weal; rare gold, bold steel, bare
In both; care, but share care —
This, by Despair, bred Hangdog dull; by Rage,
Manwolf, worse; and their packs infest the age.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

The successful pursuit of meanings in Hopkins' poetry requires more than perseverance and the aid of a dictionary. There are, in T. S. Eliot's quaint scheme of things, only two classes of dictionaries: the Oxford English Dictionary, on the one hand, and, on the other, every other possible dictionary. Yet not even the august O.E.D. in its 13 tomes and 16,400 pages will alone suffice in unravelling the involved sense of a poem by Hopkins. For meanings, after all, are in large measure biographical in the more comprehensive scope of the term. They are the meanings of a particular author at a particular time and place. The sense of a word: its bare definition often, its mood, color, and savor, is interrelated in many subtle ways with the man who uses it under given circumstances. When the unit is a line, stanza, or poem this is true to a much greater degree, and the complexities of meanings increase enormously. To interpret them with any assurance and validity necessitates a delicate, searching study of biographical and historical contexts. Upon this intricate contextual base rests the sense of word or line; as the base is made firmer and wider the superstructure of meaning assumes a more precise and less ambiguous form. Even in those instances where the author intends more than one meaning, suitable analysis may render the plural or conflicting meanings atomic and explicit.

These contexts seldom have the virtue of simplicity. In the case of Hopkins especially is simplicity nowhere to be discovered. Yet the very richness and allusiveness of his style indirectly result in a certain advantage for the student. It cautions him to be selective, to examine the entire context and choose its most relevant aspect. This may be a detail of technique or style; it may be a particular dictionary definition of a word. It may have a wider scope and include some biographical facts, or involve a psychological attitude, superficial or latent, on the part of the poet. It may have a purely intellectual or literary significance. Finally it may imply a social attitude which must be referred to his social environment, his place in society and its consequent prepossessions. Any of these items, more often a combination of them in unanalyzable proportions, may constitute the dominant aspect of the context. But in any event the study of meanings will yield little if they are isolated from their background.

One may adduce a wealth of examples in support of these generalizations. In order not to go too far afield let me take one from a poet who was a contemporary and associate of Hopkins. There is this nondescript line in "The Unknown Eros" of Coventry Patmore:

And Liberty in every Land lies slain

It we come to the line with the customary notions of liberty, our interpretation will be seriously at fault. What is required instead is an understanding of Patmore's notions. When by diligent research this is obtained, it transpires that the normal definition of the word is the exact inverse to the private definition of the poet. A reading of the ode containing the line makes it clear that Liberty was a quite special thing for Patmore. It signified the political privilege of the English landed gentry. It was the restricted property and power

of a divinely chosen few. It was an aristocratic garland to be guarded from the dirty hands of "sordid Trader" and "vain Mechanic." In the ode "1867" Patmore bemoans the loss of this Liberty in elegiac strains. He tells us that Liberty was destroyed that year by the extension of the franchise to the baser portions of the population, particularly the working class. With this definition it is easy to ascertain the Lands where the noble body of Liberty lies ignobly slain. England, the England of the Reform Bill of 1867, is one; another is probably the United States where the slave-holding gentlemen of the South had recently been defeated in rebellion. No dictionary, it need hardly be urged, would enable one to solve these problems of politics, geography, and incidental poetics contained in Patmore's line.

A second, and a more suggestive instance may be taken from the works of Hopkins. In the sonnet "Harry Ploughman," which he intended as a companion piece to "Tom's Garland," occurs the word "churlsgace." Here, too, the word must be imbedded within the context of the poem and within the larger framework of Hopkins' thought and personality if its meaning is to be adequately realized. As a tessera it is exquisite in form and color; but its value is appreciated only when it is regarded as part of an entire mosaic. We may note first that "churlsgace" is an example of Hopkins' skill at "coinage" or neologism. These appear frequently throughout his poetry, as for example, "footfretted," "beadbonny," and "fallowbootfellow" which we shall look at later. They suggest certain characteristics of Hopkins' art; his concern for novel poetic techniques, for the original and strange in language, and for the etymological evolution of words. His coinages are evidence of a compulsion toward complete expression so strong that it strains and rends linguistic conventions. Conversely they may imply equally strong inhibitions upon expression, since no existing word will serve him, and since,

Ce qu'on conçoit bien
S'énonce clairement,
Et les mots pour le dire
Arrivent aisement.¹

Lastly neologism is often an indication of distant separation of poet from his audience. Where the two are closely joined it is hardly likely that the poet will employ an invented vocabulary. Hopkins, with insight uncommon for him, realized this fact; he declared that his verse needed an audience to render it "more intelligible, smoother, and less singular."

The very sound of "churlsgace" is unmistakably typical of Hopkins' verse. It possesses his favorite timbre. He delighted in this tonal quality as a musician might in an elusive harmonic progression. His rhyme of "churlsgace" with "hurls" is in fact echoed in the fragment, "Strike, churl; hurl, cheerless wind, then; . . ." But it is the historical derivation of the word that throws the greatest illumination on the poet's mind. "Churl" has its origin in feudal England,

¹ Boileau *Art Poétique*; quoted by Freud in *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.

and as it is really an obsolete term, it has preserved its feudal connotations. The "churl" was serf, villein, carl: the member of the lowest and largest social order. By aristocratic extension the word came to mean rude, rustic, and low. Hopkins is mindful of these associated and historical meanings in applying "churlsgace" to Harry Ploughman. Unmistakably he reveals his feeling of superiority over the worker, or at least of social separation from him. His purpose in writing the sonnet was to paint a "direct picture of a ploughman, without afterthought"; but direct pictures devoid of all attitude on the part of the artist are rare indeed. As if to prove this and disprove himself, he goes on to say in the letter to Bridges, "But when you read it let me know whether there is anything like it in Walt Whitman, as perhaps there may be, and I should be sorry for that." Why should Hopkins have been sorry, one may ask. If there were a wholly objective picture, that should end the matter; there should be no opposition to the objective picture by another poet. But the single word "churlsgace" negates directness and objectivity; it is charged too heavily with social implications. So much so that the experiment of transferring it from the poetry of Hopkins to *Leaves of Grass* would produce the most damaging consequences. It would become an alien element, hostile to the tenor and purpose of Whitman's work. The word, in fine, is Hopkins *sui generis*, as it essentially anti-Whitman. The perception of its social overtones is clarified by this comparison between the two poets.

There is something paradoxical in the union of "churl," as we have considered it, with "gace." Paradox, however, is far from being uncommon in Hopkins' thought; we have Bridges' testimony on this: "It was an idiosyncrasy of this student's mind to push everything to its logical extreme, and take pleasure in a paradoxical result."² In "churlsgace" the two parts of the compound can easily be made to yield contradictory meanings; on the surface, it asserts gace in rudeness. But we must probe deeper, bearing in mind that the term is used by a Catholic priest. Hopkins does not wish us to ignore the theological content of "gace," and he expands it, as it were, in a passage in one of his sermons. "Smiting on an anvil, sawing on a beam, whitewashing a wall, driving horses, sweeping, scouring, everything that gives God some glory if being in his gace you do it as your duty." There is spiritual gace then in Harry who drives his horses and does his work. There is gace also of a different and more obscure kind that has a psychological rather than a theological source. For in "Harry Ploughman" Hopkins responds deeply to all that is sinewy, brawny and virile in man. His sensibilities were stirred by "brute beauty" wherever present in nature, and perhaps most profoundly when present in man. Confronted by the vigorous figure of the ploughman, by the

Hard as hurdle arms, with a broth of goldish flue
Breathed round; the rack of ribs; the scooped flank;

he experiences a mood of wonder and admiration that is almost feminine in

² I have used the Oxford collections of Hopkins' letters, notebooks, poetry, in this essay.

intensity. He brings this mood to a climax and concentrates and fixes it in "churlsgace." The "emphatic condensation of meaning" (in Bridges' phrase), emotional and intellectual, is carried to its furthest point.

In the study of "Tom's Garland" the analytic methods thus far described as well as other methods will be applied. To the best of my knowledge Hopkins' critics (all three varieties: aesthetic, semantic, Jesuitic) have rather studiously ignored the sonnet. Perhaps the critics believe exegesis is superfluous because Hopkins himself wrote a lengthy commentary on it in a letter to Bridges. His usual public of two had dwindled to zero in the face of its utter abstruseness. He wrote: "I laughed outright and often, but very sardonically, to think you and the Canon could not construe my last sonnet; that he had to write to you for a crib. It is plain I must go no farther on this road: if you and he cannot understand me who will?"³ The "crib" that follows is a very good one, but it does not at all make critical analysis unnecessary: quite the contrary. Moreover it gives the student an argument that can prevent some of the wilder flights of personal interpretation.

The circumstances in which the poem was composed may be sketched in briefly. In 1887 Hopkins passed three weeks of his summer vacation at Dromore, a noiseless, smokeless, untroubled English country place. Here he wrote the two related sonnets "Tom's Garland" and "Harry Ploughman". The time was one of respite from the irritations that constantly beset him. He disliked cities, and in those weeks, Dublin, Liverpool, and London were far removed from him. It would seem he paused momentarily on the unfortunate path along which he was impelled. The Jesuit way may have led him to heaven in the end, but on earth it pierced him again and again with the thorns of repression, frustration, isolation and despair. The Jesuitic garrote was not the more tender for being invisible. At Dromore, however, he breathed lightly and took a cheerful view of the world. The countryside always had this beneficial effect upon him. It served to release his inner tension, and this element of swift release, of liberation, is evident in all of "Harry Ploughman" and in the opening of "Tom's Garland." Undertones of despair are also present, it is true, particularly in a marked parenthesis in the description of Tom. But the otherwise optimistic and enthusiastic picture that Hopkins gives us of his subject, the industrial worker, is in part the effect of this vacation in the country. Distance could very well conceal much of the drabness and drudgery of the worker's life in the city's slum. Yet not distance alone, as we shall discover. With neurotic sensitivity Hopkins had once compared the sweat on the worker to the blood on a murderer's knife:

But here, here is a workman from his day's task sweats.
Wiped I am sure this was; it seems not well; for still,
Still the scarlet swings and dances on the blade.⁴

At Dromore the sight and smell of toil did not reach him with such insistence.

³ The date of this letter is Feb. 10, 1888.

⁴ "St. Winefred's Well"

That Hopkins gave his sonnet a compound title, "Tom's Garland: upon the Unemployed" is a fact that merits close examination. What is the relation between the two parts of the compound? To what extent are they consistent with each other or contradictory? The title is not a simple unity, I believe, but rather an unresolved antinomy, and this is no less true for title than for the poem as a whole. Of decisive importance is the circumstance that Tom is *not* one of the unemployed: he is altogether excluded by Hopkins from that class. Thus the poem has a dual subject. In the opening lines the actual employed laborer is presented vividly, while the concluding lines develop the abstract problem of the unemployed. The relation of problem to portrait is quite obscure and, to say the least, disingenuous. One might argue simply that a poem on the unemployed requires an unemployed worker for its subject. One might, conversely, expect a poem on the happy, garlanded worker to be followed by an "afterthought" appropriate to him. But Hopkins has forcibly joined two diverse themes into an unstable combination under the influence not of fusing poetic impulse, but, as I may show, of mere social prejudice. Inasmuch as it reflects a contradictory content, the contradictory title is perhaps satisfactory. It equivocates; so does the sonnet. It proposes two subjects when it ought to propose one, as does the sonnet. The title becomes even more ambiguous when one understands the ideas and feelings that cluster about each part. Hopkins accepts and approves of Tom; he violently rejects and fears the unemployed Hangdog and Manwolf. He places the one securely within the commonwealth; the other is made an outcast. To Tom is given a garland of honor, to the unemployed a noose of infamy.

Now the garland of Tom, it has been suggested, is a symbol of an honor of some kind. It is not just a floral tribute plucked by the poet from the countryside and bestowed upon the good worker. To be sure the floral aspect of the symbol is there; we find it reiterated in the fourth line by "Heart-at-ease." Hopkins does not wish us to overlook the usual connotation of "garland" just as he enjoys the double sense of "heart-at-ease" as a carefree state of feeling and as a flower, the common pansy. Odd and amusing indeed is this blending of the rural and industrial: the navy crowned with a wreath and pelted with pansies. An older, literary meaning of the word, however, is the one Hopkins emphasizes. He intends garland to be chiefly "a wreath, crown etc. to be worn as a mark of distinction" (O.E.D.) In this sense it was used by Shakespeare and the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Moreover there are garlands of two sorts in the poem, of gold and of steel. As Hopkins imagined it, the latter is composed of "nails," and it is carried by the worker as "the visible badge of the place they fill, the lowest in the commonwealth." These last details are given in the crib sent to Bridges. By fashioning the steel garland of nails, Hopkins commits a minor solecism rather strange for one who took pleasure in "all trades, their gear and tackle and trim." Tom Navy of course would have no use for nails, nor could he hammer them with his pick. Tom, for his part, was probably familiar with only

one kind of garland, that used by him in the coal-pits to hold the coal on the wagon. It is unfortunate that on this point he was unable to collaborate with his scholarly creator.

Hopkins gives the steel of the garland the two attributes, "squat and surly." Both show his marked dislike for steel and for the industrial age which it symbolizes. One may fairly summarize the attitude of the average Victorian intellectual by this and by the alliterative pair "base and brickish" in "Duns Scotus' Oxford." The latter phrase applied to the modern town that had grown up around the medieval university, reveals the same animus as "squat and surly." Especially noteworthy is "surly", a pathetic fallacy; hatred of steel is felt with primitive (or poetic) intensity and projected into the steel itself. For Hopkins the manifestations of industrialism were unrelieved ugliness and evil; he exclaimed,

. . . all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;

How much of this was moral condemnation and how much mere nervous agitation is questionable. Perhaps it was the unloveliness of the industrial scene that afflicted him most. He hated its smut and dirt; his hatred, I believe, was stronger than pity for its million victims, and yet stronger than his sense of its injustice. Altogether he found the age unbearable. He was filled with despondency by its "squat and surly" products and people. "What I dislike in towns," he said, "and in London in particular is the misery of the poor; the dirt, squalor, and the ill-shapen degraded physical (putting aside moral) type of so many of the people." His pastoral duties in the city were painful. Whenever possible he escaped to the solacing peace of the country, where he might look upon the sea, listen to the skylark, and say,

How these two shame this shallow and frail town!
How ring out our sordid turbid time,
Being pure!

If Hopkins' mind was hypersensitive, it was likewise hypersuburban.

Now that Tom has been garlanded and placed within the commonwealth, he is set to work by the poet. We see him at the end of the day, finishing his task, and leaving with Dick, his fellow worker. It is Dick who completes the working class trio of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Evidently Hopkins believed in giving common names to common people, with the exception of the archaic "farrier" Felix Randal; a sense of social distinction is shown even in these minutiae. It is fascinating to observe this attitude insinuate itself into the abstract and metaphysical passages of his poetry. So, when he disparages his own soul, its baser elements, he again chooses a common name: "Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise / You jaded, let be;" . . . "This Jack, joke, poor potsherd."⁵ But back to Tom; he goes home sure of a good meal and a good night's sleep. Though his place in the world is low, he swings through

⁵ Poems 47 and 48 of the 1918 edition.

life easily and lustily. A long parenthesis appears to interrupt his course, but in it the less fortunate poet speaks, and Tom is oblivious of him. That parenthesis, as it were, is a fragment of Hopkins' own subconscious mind protruding through the happy exterior of the poem. It is a shard splintered off from his last sonnets of despair, and as such it should be appreciated. On the surface the parenthesis draws a comparison between Tom and all workers, and the aristocratic members of society: the duty of the lord is to rule amid care and peril, while the laborer's task is to toil in strength, comfort, and security. Beneath the surface, however, there is the poet contrasting his spiritual wretchedness with what he believes to be the contentment of the worker. Contentment, one might say, is the special "churlsgace" Hopkins finds in Tom. The inner state of the poet is the basis for the external statement of the poem; both interpenetrate, but it is the mood which dominates the idea. If we turn to the later sonnets this may become clearer, for there Hopkins speaks movingly of the anguish which "thought" had wrung from him, of

. . . this tormented mind
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.

He sought in despair to "call off thoughts awhile" in order to "leave comfort root-room." Tom, in contrast, is blessed by the poet with immunity against thought; he is proof against its "thick thousands of thorns." Needless to say Hopkins did not investigate the truth of this comforting notion.

By means of "fallowbootfellow" an ingenious transition is made from the descriptive to the philosophic portion of the sonnet. The coinage is one of Hopkins' best inventions, and likely enough he gave many hours of his summer holiday to its excogitation. Of his logical skill it is an admirable instance, a quiddity the very perverse rightness of which displays the bent of a schoolman. Musically it is no less admirable in its balanced, antiphonal perfection. When the compressed segments are extended, "fallowbootfellow" becomes: fellow by virtue of wearing boots of fallow color. Says Aristotle, the differentia of the class, man, is "rationality"; says Hopkins, the differentia of the *sub*-class, worker, is "boots." (Meanwhile angels dance voluptuously on medieval pinpoints.) Now "fallowbootfellow" anticipates the central idea-image of the sonnet; reading on, we find that to the metaphysical poet the worker *is* the foot of Man. This is so because Hopkins constitutes all human society into a single living organism, a colossal Man. Further, he makes the colossal foot out of the working class. Ergo, fallowbootfellowship is an accurate expression: it relates the workers Tom and Dick to each other as men in the little in terms of their relation to the social Man in the large. Further, the worker performs his work mainly with his feet, and he does this both individually and collectively. "It is the navvies or daylabourers who, on the great scale or in gangs and millions, mainly trench, tunnel, blast, and in other ways disfigure, 'mamock' the earth and, on a small scale, singly, and superficially stamp it with their foot-prints." Further, a striking feature of the worker's appearance is his great fallow boots. Tom and Dick have them,

and the ploughman Harry too, who goes about "broad in bluff hide his frowning feet lashed." Therefore: polemically, poetically, discursively, descriptively, the coinage is, beyond cavil, just.

The motif of the foot apparently had a peculiar attraction for Hopkins since it assumes various forms and guises in his poetry. Always it has the force of "mammoth", an eccentric word that is deliberately introduced into "Tom's Garland" for its salience of sound and meaning. To the poet the industrial age operated through the worker or foot of society, trampling and treading upon nature, destroying natural beauty everywhere. He wrote in "God's Grandeur":

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod,
And all is seared with trade, bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

The image is implicit but its significance is unchanged in "The Sea and the Skylark"—

Our make and making break, are breaking, down
To man's last dust, drain fast towards man's first slime.

It is the pitch of Hopkins' hostility to industrial England that gives these images a vivid, an almost disturbing quality. How acute it was has already been noted. This hostility informs "mammoths" as it does "surly"; it permeates the uneasy adjective "frowning" applied to the booted feet of the ploughman; and subdued, compacted, it burdens the ponderous phrases in "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire"—

Squadroned masks and manmarks treadmire toil there
Footfretted in it

Such are the main elements or hieroglyphs⁹ in the opening half of "Tom's Garland." Having distinguished them, we may turn our attention to the "strange construction" that lies at the center of the sonnet and to matters of wider interest. Since the construction has been adumbrated by "fallowboot-fellow," we may follow Hopkin's explanation of it without too great trouble. He writes, "It means then, as St. Paul and Plato and Hobbes and everybody says, the commonwealth or well ordered human society is like one man; a body with many members and each its function; some higher, some lower, but all honorable, from the honor which belongs to the whole. The head is the sovereign, who has no superior but God and from heaven receives his or her authority: we must then imagine this head as bare . . . and covered, so to say, only with the sun and stars, of which the crown is a symbol . . . The foot is the day-labourer, and this is armed with hobnail boots . . . But this place still shares the common honor, and if it wants one advantage, glory or public fame, makes up for it by another, ease of mind, absence of care; and these things are symbolized by the gold and iron garland." Then comes the

⁹ Hopkins was for a time a student of Egyptology; see Ruggles' *Life*, Ch. 11.

dubious inscription of this essay, "(O, once explained, how clear it all is!)"

If poem and paraphrase are collated we see that the purely linguistic difficulties of the poem result from two practices: ellipsis mainly, and transposition. The conceptual problem of these lines, the idea of the state, is quite another matter. By placing words in the usual order, by supplying relatives liberally, the language of Hopkins may be made nearly normal. Subject and object are reversed in "mother-ground That mammoicks, mighty foot"; the emphatic and garbled "gold go garlanded With, perilous, O no" becomes tamely intelligible as "O no, [not to] go garlanded with perilous gold." What is remarkable about this elliptical technique is the traditional, even classic basis which probably underlies its novelty. Ellipsis is a pervasive characteristic of a good deal of modern art. In literature, in painting, above all in music there is a tendency on the part of the artist to suppress the relative, the transitional, and the modulatory. The modern artist tries to eliminate the merely interstitial in order that the forcefulness and expressiveness of condensation and dramatic contrast be secured. Yet he often accomplishes his aim while utilizing a substructure that is surprisingly classical in character. This is what George Dyson in effect tells us about modern music. "The story of the century between Beethoven and ourselves may, from the point of view of texture, be said to hinge on the exploitation of chords as such. . . . a texture of this nature, however extreme in its condensation, yet has its logical foundations in classical traditions. Its novelty to our ears is due for the most part to its exclusive use of strong terms, its parallel avoidance of weak ones."⁷ The accord between Hopkins' style and that of modern music, as it is here described, is clear; and it could be shown to exist, I think, between his poetry and certain forms of modern painting. But what of the foundation of Hopkins' style? I think that foundation (like that of his metrics) lies partly in classic procedure, in particular in the structure of the classic languages, Greek and Latin, of which Hopkins was a brilliant student. One is apt to think of Latin as forming the groundwork for traditional English rhetoric only, say of Milton, and fail to see that it is capable of different uses and different influences. Inflected Latin allows a far greater independence to the word than uninflected English; in the former word termination is the regulating principle while in the latter it is word order. Just this classic principle is admitted by Hopkins into his mature style. He handles words as if they were discrete counters that may enter freely into almost any combination; he loads substantive and verb with his meaning and often omits subordinate parts of speech altogether. A memorable example is "O hero savest" that, in its omission of "that," baffled Hopkins' editor, Bridges. Logically enough Hopkins undertook to add a grammatical key to parts of his poetry by labelling each word with its syntax; but this plan was neglected.

Plato, Paul, and Hobbes, these three, according to Hopkins, are the sources from which he derived his "strange construction" of the commonwealth. Each

⁷ Dyson, *The New Music* (Oxford: 1924).

contributed some element to the final poetic composite so that it is worth while to consider each in turn. In Plato's familiar conception, the ideal state is analogous to the *mind* of man; just as man's mind has three faculties so society in its ideal perfection has three divisions. These social divisions: the teaching class, the warrior class, and the working class, are neatly stratified in exact correspondence with the stratification of the soul into its faculties. In both, lower is subordinate to higher, and highest has the supreme function of governing, controlling, and holding in check all that is lower. "The same principles which exist in the State," Plato writes, "exist also in the individual, and they are three in number"; furthermore, "we cannot but remember that the justice of the state consists in each of the three classes doing the work of its own class." Obviously this Platonic essence of the state is impregnated with the pungency of social and political purposes. If solidified and imposed upon society it would produce a static hierarchy of classes in which the obedience and subservience of the worker would be absolute. In this ideal order of things workers must remain workers lest by striving for the privileges of their superiors they nullify it. Plato argues, employing the metallic symbolism of Hopkins, that "we too can clothe our husbandmen in royal apparel, and set crowns of gold on their heads, and bid them till the ground as much as they like and no more . . . But do not put this idea into our head; for, if we listen to you, the husbandman will no longer be a husbandman, . . . and no one will have the character of any distinct class in the State."⁸

Not especially gifted with literary originality, the Roman Paul borrowed Plato's image and emended it to suit his needs. He added a quantity of corporeality to it; he placed it under divine authority. Instead of a social soul he envisaged a social body which in a theological if not a political sense is to be subordinate to Christ. Within the body however—and this is to be stressed—the principles of rank, order, obedience are as inflexible and plenary for Paul as they are for Plato. Thus Paul says in "Ephesians," "Speaking the truth in love, we may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

He draws this corollary: "Servants be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, unto Christ; Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." Paul's admonition to the masters is milder. "And, ye masters, do the same thing unto them, forbearing threatening; knowing that your Master also is in heaven . . ." The images of the apostle and the philosopher, one realizes, are no idle literary fancies. They are serious homilies that society ought earnestly to heed.⁹

⁸ *Republic* Book IV, Jowett.

⁹ For a historical appraisal of Paul see Karl Kautsky, *Foundations of Christianity* (N.Y.:1925) Part IV, Ch. III.

In Hobbes' *Leviathan* the image appears in what is doubtless its most famous, and definitive form. Since Hobbes completed the evolution of the image by reducing it to total corporeality, a pictorial representation of the commonwealth became feasible. A good likeness was struck off by a contemporary engraver and placed on the frontispiece of the book. It shows a colossal man, composed of countless diminutive men, who towers hugely over the towns and fields of the land. He wears the crown, carries sword and crozier in either hand, and positively lowers at his "ultramontane" enemies. The sword and crozier, of course, proclaim the union of "civil and ecclesiastical" power in the person of the monarch: "The King and every other Sovereign executeth his office of supreme pastor, by immediate authority from God, that is to say, 'in God's Right', or 'Jure Divino.'" The picture as a whole epitomizes the argument of Hobbes' treatise in which he carries out the parallel between commonwealth and human organism with amazing persistence. He dilates upon the procreation of a commonwealth, its nutrition, the circulation of its life-blood (money), its diseases, and its ultimate dissolution. His reasoning sparkles with irony: "As men, for the attaining of peace, and conservation of themselves thereby, have made an artificial Man, which we call a commonwealth; so also have they made artificial chains, called 'civil laws', which they themselves, by mutual covenants, have fastened at one end, to the lips of that man, or assembly, to whom they have given the sovereign power; and at the other end to their own ears." Yet Hobbes nowhere presents the notion of the laborer forming the foot of the commonwealth. That was left for Hopkins to do. The "mighty foot" is indeed Hopkins' great contribution to political iconography.

Whether or not he saw the colossus of Hobbes, or knew his work intimately is uncertain; but it is curious to find him citing the name in his letter. Hobbes, we recall, was a distinguished opponent of "popery", and an unrelenting hater of the Jesuits. Religious controversy at Oxford in his day had not declined to genteel agitation over the question of incense burning. Hobbes was also, in spite of his political conservatism, one of the early rationalist critics of religion, and for this reason his book was banned for a long while by the Anglican Church, permanently by the Catholic. In the intervening years between his conversion and the writing of the sonnet, Hopkins could not with propriety have read Hobbes, and probably did not. His reference may be casual then, or it may show an interesting trace of the heterodox in a mind that was otherwise so docile and dogmatic.

Before an audience of workers, of his Toms and Dicks and Jacks, Hopkins expounded upon and clarified his own views of the commonwealth. These workers were hot and sweated; as they mopped the sweat from their faces with their damp handkerchiefs Hopkins exquisitely mistook the sweat of toil for the tears of contrition. His text was appropriately chosen from Paul, and he reasoned thus with his hearers: "Of every commonwealth this is the essence and the nature: it is the meeting of many for their joint and common good, for which good all are solemnly engaged to strive and being so engaged are

then in duty bound to strive, the ruler by planning, the ruled by performing, the sovereign by the weight of the authority, the subject by the stress of his obedience . . . He that would by high treason break up the commonwealth or cut off the sovereign head, he that would cut his brother citizen off from its advantages or make life within the commonwealth a curse instead of a blessing, he shall be cursed and broken off and cut away from the commonwealth." Hopkins then reverted to the fall of man to enforce his text, making its lessons plain by references to the dismal commonplaces in the lives of his hearers. God was the kindly landlord and king, he said; the Serpent was the radical agitator; Eve was the rebellious tenant, and her rebellion against the divine landlord, her trespass upon his property, led to man's eviction from the royal demesne of Eden. "Eve gave her tempter the clew to his temptation—that God her sovereign was a tyrant, a sullen law giver; that God her lord and landlord was envious and grudging, a rackrent . . . so the Serpent advised them to trespass boldly on these rights and seize crown property (the Tree) . . . then followed the first and most terrible of evictions."

This brief contextual study of the Hopkins commonwealth sufficiently indicates the central importance of Paul to his social thought—such as it was. This is notably true of "Tom's Garland" which among his philosophic poems stands as a far superior tribute to Paul than do his poems on these philosophers to Heraclitus and Scotus. Something too much, I think, has been made of Hopkins and Scotus in particular. Consider the primary poetic sources for a moment. The Pauline social doctrines of conformity and obedience illuminate the sonnet "Tom's Garland"; yet how little of Scotus really emerges from "Duns Scotus' Oxford," the one poem Hopkins dedicated to his supposed master. The inimitable loveliness of its initial descriptive passages, the equal of anything Hopkins ever achieved, do not compensate for the few and feeble ideas which the poem touches upon. It is a sad failing, I hold, for a poet to miss the main thing in the man he memorializes, to lose sight of Scotus within the sentimental mists of Marianism and of Victorian nostalgia for medieval Oxford. So negligible and trite is the intellectual content of this poem that from it one supposes that Hopkins was less the Scotist than the Dunce. His Heraclitus likewise is a disappointing figure, a literary and theological distortion of the great Greek dialectician into his static opposite for essentially parochial ends. Yet one cannot take exception to the Pauline spirit of "Tom's Garland"; especially as it relates to the presentment of Hopkins' ideal society it is pure, and essential, and pristine.

Eventually all commonwealths, from Plato to Hopkins, lead back to Tom, poor fellow, and to the social class he represents. His patience makes commonwealths possible and the good life within them for philosophers and poets. Hence the ideal commonwealths of theirs mean, in brief, these things: That Tom is forbidden to wear his iron garland with any dishonorable difference or with a covetous eye to the glittering garlands of gold. That the mighty foot of the working class is forbidden to aim a revolutionary kick at the lordly head and bring it low.

Now Tom, as a true and historical character, did not heed these injunctions in Hopkins' time. Indeed he took issue sharply with them. His felicity and heart's-ease were limited to a sonnet. Hard times had come upon him, and his lot in life, always low, was further depressed in the decade of the eighties. Weary of plodding patiently on, he turned angrily against his rulers "The slump and agricultural depression," writes a modern historian of the period, "that dogged the steps of Lord Beaconsfield's administration gave the social system the most serious jar it had received since the Hungry Forties. And accordingly it is during the eighties that the workers begin to display an uneasy sense that all, for them, is not the best in the best of all possible worlds. The voice of the agitator is heard in the land, and when the depression is renewed, as in the middle of the decade, things happen of an alarming and—some nervous people may think—revolutionary significance."¹⁰

In the year Hopkins wrote his sonnet, a person with a mind and temper antithetic to his was also engaged in observing the social scene. Mr. Charles Booth had no poetic pretensions; he was a hard-headed but well-disposed merchant who had set out in 1886 to make a systematic survey of life in an English city, London. His work was published as *Life and Labour in London*. Concerning this report, Mrs. Beatrice Webb, his assistant, wrote: "The enquiry set on foot by Mr. Booth had begun with the expectation that a sober and scientific research would prove that the harrowing tales told by charitable people and agitators were quite exceptional. . . But after a most careful inquiry made by skilled helpers, he was driven to the conclusion that in the wealthiest and most productive city in the world a million and a quarter people fell below what he called the 'Poverty Line.' That is that they lived in a state of chronic poverty, in shockingly overcrowded conditions and did not have enough to eat."¹¹ That is,

Tom Heart-at-ease, Tom Navvy: he is all for his meal
Sure, 's bed now. Low be it: . .

It was to accomodate this age of depression and unrest that Hopkins radically altered and redesigned the ancient commonwealth. Perhaps its founders would find the original plan unrecognizable in his hands. We see this work in progress, logically and architecturally, beginning with the phrase "but no way sped" and ending with the last line of the sonnet. It is all quite clear. Architecturally, Hopkins erects an insurmountable paling between two hypothetical types of Tom. One is enclosed within the commonwealth and united to his ruler in the bonds of reciprocal obligation and mutual love after the Pauline manner. One is summarily expelled, cast beyond the pale, to become the "undenizenized" whom good men hate and shun. Logically, Hopkins pronounces in these terminal lines a drastic disjunctive proposition: on

¹⁰ E Wingfield-Stratford, *The Victorian Cycle* (N.Y.:1935), Vol II, p. 250.

¹¹ A. Williams-Ellis and F. J. Fisher, *A History of English Life* (London: 1936), Vol. IV, pp. 104-5.

one hand, there is mind, gold, glory; on the other, strength, ease and honor. Neither exists for Tom unemployed upon whom the lines shut fast with an ominous clang. Once shut, the poet is enabled to cajole and caress the good Tom, and to heap his hatred and vituperation upon Tom rebel.

But the unity of Tom is not thus easily denied. Had the poet asked, a child might have told him that Tom employed and unemployed, obedient and radical, was still one figure, one class. For he was in truth the symbol of the working class in society which under the stress of oppression and the burden of degradation had refused to remain passive. His claim to justice was a spur to action. This claim Hopkins had himself acknowledged several years earlier in a letter to Bridges in which he declared: "It is a dreadful thing for the greatest and most necessary part of a very rich nation to live a hard life without dignity, knowledge, comforts, delight, or hopes in the midst of plenty—which plenty they make." But caste, prejudice, and anxiety, it appears, had suppressed the poet's sense of justice. By the time of "Tom's Garland," the unemployed and the radical (both synonymous in his mind) were viewed as a source of grave danger to his world and to the inner security dependent upon it. Therefore he expelled them from the commonwealth with a violence that is measured only when we recognize the finality of the expulsion.

The un-Christian un-charity of his act is startling. The part of the working class that is rejected is placed among those utterly "undenized," utterly lost to man, "no one, nowhere," and transformed into the ferocious and beastly. Nor is Hopkins content to describe them by the classic epithet "Hangdog" which centuries of traditional English legal barbarity had bestowed upon the language. He rivals and exceeds that word with a counterpart of his own, "Manwolf," surely the least lovely of his coinages. His sensitive mind, despite its perturbation, is able to discriminate the degrees of absolute iniquity. Although he loathes both, he prefers the despairing Hangdog to the raging Manwolf.

Finally it is Tom who is the most exacting and stringent critic of the poem in which he is the leading character. In the singleness and unity of his state he opposes the artificial division of the sonnet. In his condition of poverty he belies the factitious enthusiasm of the poet who sees comfort and ease where none exist. In his purpose he denies the sophistry of the words which the poet gives him to say:

Commonwealth,
Little I reck ho! lacklevel in, if all have bread.

In the year the poet meditated praise and blame he acted independently upon this purpose to obtain bread and right from society. "The mass movement began among the unemployed in East London during the winter of 1886 and 1887 . . . On November 13, 1887, the famous 'Bloody Sunday' the police broke up a demonstration with extreme brutality."¹²

¹² A. L. Morton, *A People's History of England* (London: 1938), p. 435.

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS:

Email: Death in Summer

Here with flora of towels on the informal beach
 People through the morning
 Ripen, autumn in June.
 Swart on towers of warning
 (Hands, whistles on their knee)
 Lifeguards eye like boxers the irresponsible sea,

That wafted at dawn to shore and headlines' height
 Crushed like strawberry boxes
 The sailboat *Merrily We*.
 The beachcrowd, vivid as phlox, is
 Froststruck in June:
 Fewer by two, since cirrus meagered the moon.

Two faces, sea-light-quick with rush and vary of soul —
 Propped by a wan embalmer
 Freeze, paraffin-grey.
 Soon the hired psalmer
 Routes us in to look
 At a face's wax contour shrinking to hollow and hook.

We shift on rocker hips, cross the calm knee,
 Our muscles easy as dreaming.
 But summer rots in the vein:
 Coffin-catches gleaming,
 The preacher is not heard.
 We stare at velvet. Only flowers' inaudible word.

Black limousines, returning, tear. The drivers smoke.
 We see a fireblue season
 Flare on the awning beach.
 But we choke on treason,
 Would give half our breath
 To fit in this round heaven the peg of personal death.

La Ci Darem La Mano

I

Since we are born in blood to be convinced
 (As Juliet soon, then Brutus, Lear at last)
 And no altimeter teaches like sheer fall,
 Here is my hard memento, sermon for Sunday.

II

Scotch that incites us to each feminine face
 Determined this. On rented linen
 Under the rented stript walls of the bedroom
 With many tongues the entire body begs.

But even upon your heart in the long progressive
 Kiss that gropes in circle and never breaks
 I move among lovers grotesquely dead.

All who threw themselves from hotels down
 Or stumbled insane from love's path
 In whose thorn-hedge psychosis and abortion
 Gibber with tic for faces and fibrin hand;
 All whom husbands or beefy police
 Thudded upon with fists, hamstrung, or shot;
 Middle-age bridegroom teasing the momentum
 Of blood and sensitive vein, till his heart clotted,
 Closed like a cramp in a grey runner's leg —
 Joy his disease, orgasm too near center;
 Or that salesman and the waitress with pretty red curls
 In his night Ford in the winter-drifting lane
 Whom stern monoxide in coition caught
 And zero froze so (love's two-headed boy)
 Lips, fingers, all shy reachers-out of sense
 Stiffer than icicles on slate.

III

I deck our bed with these shapes and not flowers,
 Seeing: sprawled victims in a knot of chairlegs
 And curtains shredded with clutch of plunging girls;
 Feeling: on nostril, eartip, naked shoulder,
 Chill of that twofold obscene icework camel.

For I remember that old marsh of Wasn't

And joy built up *toto caelo* from nothing
 By God's art (best on Friday) sheer relieveo.

By God's love, sheer relieveo: in that chill
 The hollow between your shoulder and throat is warmer;
 Deeper the spring-rain kisses; rougher, higher
 Our two bloods in the membrane-severed sea.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS:

The Motor-Barge

The motor barge is
 at the bridge the
 air lead
 the broken ice

unmoving. A gull,
 the eternal
 gull, flies as
 always, eyes alert

beak pointing
 to the life-giving
 water. Time
 falters but for

the broad river-
 craft which
 low in the water
 moves grad-

ually, edging
 between the smeared
 bulkheads,
 churning a mild

wake, laboring
 to push past
 the constriction
 with its heavy load

The United States

The government of your body, sweet,
 shall be my model for the world.
 There is no desire in me to rule
 that world or to advise it. Look
 how it rouses with the sun, shuts
 with night and sleeps fringed by
 the slowly turning stars. I boil
 I freeze before its tropics and its
 cold. Its shocks are mine and to
 the peaceful legislature of its seas,
 by you its president,
 I yield my willing services.

The Resemblance

The Jewess was happy
 she had no car
 —though it was raining

but she had her
 baby, all wrapped
 up in her arms — as

she too was all
 wrapped up, short as
 she was, and on

her head stood a green
 clown's cap that
 made her look

for all the world
 like a painting
 by Rouault.

WILLIAM FIFIELD:

Glory Sunday

Chucho Gomez got out the fortune-telling cards.

"I hope they read better for you than they did last week," said Librado Primavera.

Gomez didn't answer him, but he knew what he would be up against when he went into the bull ring and he knew the cards had to be good this time. All day, all week, ever since his miserable showing of the Sunday before, he'd been thinking about it. Half a dozen times he'd taken the cards out, but he'd been afraid to use them because it wasn't the usual time for it and he feared a change in procedure might damage his luck. So now that the fight was only an hour away and he could delay no longer he sat on the edge of the bed in his underwear shorts and shuffled the cards on the top of the unpainted washstand. He shuffled them seven times for luck, and then wanted to go on shuffling them to stall off the time he'd have to turn the first one; but he was afraid to do that because it was not the regular way. Seven shufflings. That would set the luck right. It didn't always work, but then you never knew what might have come up if you'd turned the cards after six shufflings, or eight. Maybe it would have been worse then. That would prove the seven shufflings helped. He finished the seventh shuffle and spread out the cards. He turned the first one. It was a scepter. That was favorable.

"The scepter," he said to Librado Primavera.

"Maybe that means you'll find a gift of five pesos in your hat if you throw it up to somebody," Librado answered lightly.

Yucateco, Librado's assistant fighter, saw that this was a joke. He wanted the other bullfighters and well-wishers who were in the room to know that he got the point of it, so he laughed louder than necessary.

"Try the next one," Librado said to Chucho Gomez.

"All right," Chucho replied. But before he turned the second card he lit a cigarette and drew at it. Then he crossed himself. He did it seriously, and yet it seemed funny to the others and they laughed.

"Do you think the rival magicians will help each other?" Librado questioned him dryly. "Doesn't it occur to you that they might be jealous of one another?"

Chucho didn't answer. He turned up the second card and laid it on top of the first. Each card more or less canceled out the effect of the one preceding it. The luck was held in balance. It was something like an old-fashioned grocer's scales. The pointer fluctuated back and forth with each added weight. The weights would cancel each other out until at the end there would be more weight on one side than on the other and the pointer would bear in that direction. Chucho turned the second card and placed it on top of the first one. Then he looked at it. He felt himself become sick—as though he were playing

in the back room at the Tupinamba and had everything he owned on the turn of a card, and the turn had come up wrong. It was the black queen. It overwhelmed the good omen of the scepter.

"The queen," Chucho said almost to himself.

He remembered what had happened to Fernandez. Fernandez had turned all four of the black queens in the bullfighter's fortune-telling deck of queens, kings, swords and scepters. And then when he had gone into the arena things had gone beautifully. He had had the first of each pair of bulls, and his afternoon's work was over with the death of his third. Everyone had felt that the spell of the cards was broken. The survival of Fernandez was proof that they did not work. Fernandez' last bull was a great success, and as he toured the arena receiving the tribute of the crowd, some photographer snapped a picture of him passing in triumph before the bull gate over which the number of the next animal had already been posted. That was the last bull of the day, and it was not even Fernandez' bull. But the next morning the picture appeared in the paper. The picture became a scoop because during the final bull the matador who was to kill it got into trouble and Fernandez went out to make the save. For some reason the bull chose the bundle instead of the cloth; the man instead of the cape. And Fernandez died in five minutes.

"The Little Lady of Death," Chucho said to himself.

Librado, Yucateco and the others came over and looked. Yucateco rubbed the butt of his hand against his neck and stamped his feet nervously when he saw the black queen.

"She comes up for air once in a while," Librado said. "It doesn't mean anything."

"What about Fernandez?" Chucho asked in a low voice.

"He turned *all* the queens. Do you think every time a man turns the queen he's going to get it? Count the cards in the deck and then think of the mathematical possibilities of that."

"But today . . ." Chucho began, thinking how the public would be laying for him, waiting to mock him as they had last Sunday.

"What makes today so different?"

"Nothing," Chucho said quickly.

He didn't want to look at the face of the queen any longer, so he reached out and turned another card. He put it on top of the two others and then looked at it. It was a black queen.

"That makes another," Librado said. The sight of the second black queen sobered him a little. But just the same he went on to say, "The cards don't mean anything. The thing that happened with Fernandez was that he believed in them and so they destroyed his confidence."

Chucho looked up at him and shook his head. That did not account for it. Because then how could you explain the fact that he had done well with his own bulls and only been killed through a freak accident?

"Well, say some prayers," Librado said laconically. He turned away and went back to stand in front of the mirror. He held his belly in to see if he

could make it flat enough so that the cloth of his fighting trousers would sag. Then he stood on his toes and watched his calves swell. The lumps of muscle were handsome in the white stockings. He tightened the muscle of his buttocks. Then he doubled up his fists and pummeled himself, feeling the reflex of his muscles against the jolting of his fists. He admired the tight, hollowing curve of his buttocks in the shiny silk as it was reflected in the mirror.

Chucho sat on the edge of the bed and watched Librado without really seeing him. Yucateco felt the tension in the room and went over to the window and looked down into the street.

Suddenly Chucho reached out and turned a third card.

It was a red queen.

"A red one!" he exclaimed. He put the red queen over the black queen and adjusted it until the edge of the card beneath could not be seen. "That offsets the black!"

"Who will she be?" Librado asked.

"The red one?"

"She has to stand for somebody if you want it to work."

"I know that," Chucho said. The safest way to utilize the red queen was to fix her personality on some girl, usually by dedicating a bull to her. But his sweetheart was back in his home town of Parral and . . . Well, what girl was there in Monterrey? Yes—there was a girl. There was that American girl he'd been introduced to before last Sunday's bullfight.

"I know who," Chucho said.

"Yes?"

"Yes, the American girl. You remember?—the one who was in the stands last week. Her name is Molly Harris."

Librado stopped and looked at Chucho as he heard the name; but he controlled his face and let no sign cross it. Molly Harris—so that was it! In a moment he grinned.

"Well, don't forget you've got two black queens up," he said pointedly. He watched the confidence which had been restored by the red queen go out of Chucho's face and be replaced by the nervousness again. He grinned and finished sardonically, "How are you going to account for the second black one? Is the little Miss Gringo going to help you with that too?"

II

Chucho Gomez wore the red queen under his sash when he went to the plaza. He had torn up the two black queens and thrown the pieces on the floor. Then he had had an idea and had picked up the pieces and burned them one by one in the flame of the holy candle on the improvised altar behind the door in the hotel room. But he had the red queen under his sash as he stood leaning against a post under the stands waiting for the parade to form.

The people were still coming in and going along to the various entrance stairs. Every time a good-looking girl would come by, both Chucho and Librado would straighten their backs a little. When a really good-looking

one would come along, Librado would stroll casually to a place under the open work of the stairs and look up as she passed over him.

Only Vilchis, the picador, did not in any way betray restlessness, or even interest. He sat on a folding chair beside his horse and put his feet up on the understructure of the stands. Slumped in this posture, he read the newspaper.

"Here comes the Old Order," Librado said.

He was watching Noriega, his manager, who was coming along the curve of the stands with the impresario of the plaza. They stopped out in front of the infirmary for a minute and talked, the impresario sucking occasionally at the stem of his cigarette holder. Then the impresario left Noriega and went over and let himself in through the private rear door of the ticket booth. Noriega came up to the bullfighters, awkwardly swinging the stiff right leg that a horn wound had ruined twenty years ago—retiring him from the ring. He had on the tweed suit with the belted jacket and the gray cloth cap.

"You always look like you're going grouse hunting, Noriega," Librado kidded him.

"The public is very good," Noriega said, ignoring him. "Already it is up to five hundred under capacity, and those last will come in by the time of the first bull."

They all heard the bolt rattle in the lock on the entrance gate. They all turned and looked toward the gate. Ignacio Vilchis folded his newspaper slowly and got ready to mount. His face was impassive until he saw no one was looking at him. Then he coughed quickly and nervously, and for an instant looked around him frightenedly—as though he were looking for a way to escape.

Chucho Gomez watched the two sides of the gate swing out and the bar of sunlight widen between the two front edges. He saw the tawny stretch of sand, as yet smooth and undisturbed. Across the ring he saw the other side of the barrier, looking miles away as it always did when you were out in the middle and had to run for it. And above the fence he saw the people sitting. He knew they were already setting their faces to laugh at him.

Librado saw the gate open and the sunlight stream in, and an instant later he heard the band strike into the brassy notes of the *pasa doble*. He prayed silently; but he was very careful not to move his lips or let his expression betray him. The band swung into another song. Librado grinned broadly.

"That's the *Librado Primavera* they're playing," he said. He began to stomp one slipper to the music of the *Primavera pasa doble*. "*Primavera, great torero . . .*" he sang to himself.

Only Yucateco paid any attention to him. Yucateco grinned proudly across his flat Indian face to hear the *Primavera* music.

Noriega frowned as he heard it. He set his small, close-cropped head closer between his narrow shoulders and stared out across the empty bullring with longing. Then he savagely squeezed shut his gray eyes to shut off the old pictures that always came back. In a moment he opened his eyes again and twisted his body toward the others, throwing his leg around with his hand.

"Get in line," he commanded them fiercely. The words which accompanied the part of the song the band was in were: "What a beauty! What a bull-fighter! Oh, Librado Primavera . . ." Noriega spoke in a loud voice to cover the music. "Get in line," he commanded. "Somebody help Vilchis up. All right! All right! Well, maybe we'll have some kind of a run today."

III

Up in the stands, someone was voicing the general complaint that Librado Primavera wasn't giving his all for the Monterrey public. When the Primavera music began this individual hissed it. Others joined him. But the others took offense. In a few seconds, hats were being thrown around. Soon the partisanship over Primavera broke up into a series of private quarrels. Someone, wanting to insult a man in the next aisle who was shouting for or against Primavera, would snatch the hat from the head of the man in front of him and throw it. Of course he would not throw his own hat. But the man whose hat had been snatched would turn around and punch the one who had snatched it. This sort of thing, multiplied many times, was the cause of the great confusion in the sun section of the stands just before the opening parade.

Molly Harris sat over in the first row of the shade section and watched the battle across the ring.

The men over in the sunny section were all fighting now. She saw the little islands of them forming around the women. The women stood under their parasols with their arms clutched up over their bosoms while the men formed islands around them and tried to protect them from the mob. Two peons had brought out a canvas banner reading, "Please give a little something for old Pizones, the old decrepit picador who used to give you good performances in this plaza!"—but they weren't getting any attention because of the battle in the stands, so they rolled up their banner and went off into the alleyway behind the fence. Molly watched the members of the police as they hurried up out of the stair wells and pushed into the crowd. In their tan uniforms, they looked like a scattered school of fish trying rather futilely to swim upstream through all the sun-reflecting shirt sleeves. Everyone in the sun section seemed involved in the uproar except the vendors. They went along the aisles waving cushions in the air or holding up frosty bottles of beer. They skirted the most violent battle areas and went on their way quite aloof to the public, which was after all composed only of gullets or posteriors so far as they were concerned.

The partisans of Librado Primavera cleared away a space up toward the back of their section. They ripped splinters from the benches, tossed on a few straw hats and bullfight programs, and in a minute had a small bonfire going. Then they pulled out the burning splinters and threw them across into the ranks of the opposition. Shouting, they hurled the sticks like javelins—so they would go flying up out of the welter of people and stream through the air for a dozen yards and come down blazing and smoking. Those near the falling torches would press back upon those around them in panic, but each time someone would be struck and would let out a scream. The sticks would go out

immediately and there was actually little danger, but everyone who was struck thought he was being set afire. In a few minutes this dancing and howling on the part of those hit by the torches became so ludicrous that everyone was laughing. The battle dissolved in this laughter. The whole thing had only been an expression of high spirits anyway.

Suddenly the ancient keeper of the keys rode out through the open troupe gates on his white Arabian horse, the black ostrich plume streaming back from his cockaded hat, the black velvet cloak lying back over his shoulders. The cheer from the crowd went up and broke into a spangling of individual shouts. The *alguacil* plunged his horse nearly into the fence across the ring before drawing up magnificently, standing in the inlaid stirrups, holding his hat out so that his white hair was uncovered.

He gestured with his hat to the President of the Plaza who sat in a box at the top of the shade section. He was going through a representation of the outmoded key ceremony in which, in the old days of bullfighting, the President had thrown down a key to the keeper, who had then used it to unlock the chamber of the bulls. The old *alguacil*, looking as antique and out-of-date as the ceremony which he represented, pretended to catch a key in his hat. The crowd cheered him. Then he fixed the hat on his head and reared his horse and backed it into the troupe gate, while its haunches blew out fat with muscle.

The *alguacil* started forward—sedately, grandly this time. The cheering of the crowd became a steady roar. The music broke out again. The two matadors appeared striding side by side, each with an arm cocked into the folds of his ceremonial cape, each with the free arm swinging. The picadors ducked their heads to get under the top ledge of the entrance as they rode in.

IV

Ignacio Vilchis swallowed dryly and gritted his teeth as he ducked under the entranceway and came riding out into the sun. Yucateco lumbered out methodically. Chuco Gomez marched with the hand concealed by his ceremonial cape pressed against the red queen card. Librado Primavera strode along counting the house and thinking about what the girls were thinking about who were watching him. Noriega, the manager, watched them go—passing him first in rows, then silhouetted in the entrance, they going away from him. Even the mules and the ring servants went out in the parade. Noriega waited until they were all out and were crossing the sand. Then he walked out too, swinging his leg awkwardly but in time with the *pasa doble*, wanting to swing his arm wide in the old motion but refusing to do so and refusing to let what he was thinking show on his face. He turned and went into the alley back of the fence and stood by Librado's sword valet waiting for things to begin.

Librado looked up into the stands as soon as they got into the arc of shade from the rim of the shady side of the stands. After looking along the edge for a moment he saw Molly. She was sitting with Concha and Consuelo Colin, leaning forward with her chin almost on the arena edge. Librado

thought she was probably watching him and hoping he would notice her, so he was careful to ignore her. Nevertheless, he managed to keep her in the corner of his eye. She was sitting a dozen or so feet to the right of a point directly below the President's box, so they were marching slightly to the left of straight at her. Librado studied her. She was wearing the gold corduroy dress with the necklace of green balls she'd worn Tuesday night when they'd gone to the Terpsichore Gardens together. She'd had on good high heels that night and walked without swaying much. He liked that. She was lean through the middle, American style; but just the same the breasts and thighs were good. Her figure wasn't too sophisticated, like the figures of some of the American girls.

As Librado neared the location before the President's box, the Primavera faction began to cheer him. There had been scattered shouts all the way across, but now they made it a concerted cheer for him. He thought they might keep it up until he could bleed a circulation of the plaza out of it, although he knew he wasn't really that popular here in Monterrey.

But then the opposition started in. At first they booed Primavera, but that didn't last long. A member of the opposition got the bright idea of cheering Chucho Gomez instead. The idea caught on. Actually, it was such an ironically funny idea that very soon the Primavera fans stopped shouting for him and joined those who were shouting for Chucho Gomez. Librado, understanding what was happening, grinned and looked across at Chucho. Chucho was walking with his face set. He did not know whether or not to make the circulation. If he did they would continue to mock him. But if he refused they would hiss him for depriving them of their fun.

Chucho pressed the red queen card with his fingers, and when the parade broke up he turned and walked toward the place where his handlers were keeping his capes and swords. The audience hooted, calling for a circulation; demanding it now that he was refusing to make it. Chucho smiled as brittly as cracking chinaware and went on down the fence and through the first opening.

Eventually, the bull was let out to do its little trick of hunting and pawing, and the public quieted somewhat while one of Chucho's assistants worked on it. Then Chucho went out for the cape passes and they started up again. Chucho kept thinking of the black queen that wasn't accounted for, and he couldn't get in close to the horns. His mind drove him in as a reaction from the booing, but his belly shrank away each time just the same. He couldn't hold himself into the play. The bull began to crowd him and he began to back up. He tripped finally and almost fell, and the public was delirious.

"Chucho! Chucho! Chucho!" they called. Then they started the mocking imitation of a locomotive that had been such a hit the week before. "Choochoo, Choochoo, Choochoo . . ."

"Chuuuuu-cho!" they yelled, drawing out the name mockingly as he began a pass, then ending it explosively as the bull went by. "Chuuuuu-cho!"

Chucho made three good passes and fixed the bull and signalled for the picadors. He and Librado were using the same men. Vilchis, who really

belonged to Librado's troupe, came in with the other picador and got ready for the first round.

"Easy with him," Chucho said to Vilchis. He was so angry he had forgotten about the black queen, and he wanted the bull unreddened for the passes of the cloth. He wanted the bull in at full strength so he could stuff a great showing with it down the throats of the public until it choked them. "Take it easy, Vilchis," he said.

Librado lined the bull up and then whipped back the cape exposing the horse. The bull's tail flipped up and the horns dropped to ploughing level. For the first time in the afternoon the crowd was actually respectful. Ignacio Vilchis had the reputation of being the most ferocious picador alive, and it was always worthwhile to see what he would do.

Vilchis rose in the iron stirrups as the bull came in. His mouth was like a gash across his face. His huge shoulder hunched forward and his enormous body was behind it. His whole brutal weight went lancing down the pike staff to imbed the steel pic point in the bull's hump. The horns hit the horse. The bull's fury drove the horse up and back into the fence; but Vilchis' fury was greater. The stab of his pic stopped the bull when its first momentum was exhausted, and Vilchis leaned forward until the thick haft of his pole quivered and the bull began to back. Chucho took the bull away with the butterfly pass.

"I told you to take it easy," he yelled up at Vilchis. But Vilchis seemed transfixed and did not appear to hear him.

Before undertaking the next series of passes, Chucho walked across the ring and stood before Molly's seat.

"I dedicate the death of this bull to you because your American loveliness does Mexico honor," he said formally. He tossed his hat up to Molly. Consuelo Colin caught it for her.

"What do I do with it?" she asked.

"Nothing," Consuelo said. "Just hold it."

Chucho brushed back his hair with his palms and felt of his pigtail to be sure it was in place. He unfurled the *muleta* cloth and tested the stick to see that it was all right, the point stuck through the end of the cloth and the cloth fastened along the edge securely. Then he weighed the sword in his right hand a moment and walked meditatively toward the bull.

A moment later Molly asked Consuelo, "Why is everyone so quiet?"

"Because he is taking such chances," Consuelo said. He added, "They know they have driven him to do it. They cannot mock him in this, but still they will not make the concession of cheering him."

Then Chucho went down suddenly and Molly nearly screamed. But it was only a blow from the bull's shoulder and he was on his feet before the return charge was under way.

The fall seemed to jar something loose in the crowd. The next good pass they cheered him a little. They warmed up slowly until toward the end they were almost decent. Still, they begrudged him his success. They preferred the Charlie Chaplin of the week before.

V

Chucho killed the bull with the first thrust and started across the ring through moderate applause toward where Molly was sitting.

"What am I supposed to do?" Molly asked Consuelo Colin. The people sitting nearby were beginning to look at her, apparently in expectation.

"You must acknowledge him," Consuelo said.

"I don't understand."

"Well, he will want his hat back now, and it is customary to enclose some kind of recognition."

A flower vendor was pushing his way over the knees of those sitting in the front row, trying to attract Molly's attention.

"Are flowers all right?" she asked Consuelo.

Consuelo nodded. The vendor had some red roses which were bound together by their stems. He was just able to get them to Molly when Chucho arrived down in front.

Molly tossed down Chucho's hat. He smiled and bowed.

"You fought beautifully," she called. She threw him the roses.

Chucho caught the flowers and bowed again, more deeply this second time. There was a scattering of applause from the onlookers. Chucho turned and went into the alleyway at the nearest opening, holding the flowers in his hand.

The pro-Primaveras began to holler just then because the first Primavera bull had run out and was pitching horn and trotting everywhere to get the scent and feel of the ring. Flat-faced Yucateco went toward the bull and let it chase him to the fence. He returned prosaically, walking as though on his way to church, and let the bull sight him again. He then hobbled back hastily, holding his cape up around him like an old woman's skirts. The public was enthusiastic.

But the anti-Primaveras got to work when Librado himself appeared—because he wasn't really trying and he gave them reason to criticize. He spun the bull and laced it around him like a belt, but it was all pyrotechnical. The antis were quick to notice he didn't let the horns get close. After three or four passes of that calibre the pro-Primaveras were still shouting, but they were beginning to lose conviction.

"What is it?" Noriega yelled as Librado passed near the fence. "Have you thistles in your arms? Maybe you're only a nun dressed up to look like a bullfighter!"

Librado laughed and waved at Noriega. When he came in from the cape-work to wait for the picadors, he made it a point to come in near Noriega.

"I was all right, eh?" he said to his manager.

"You were a disgrace!" Noriega exclaimed. He had no sense of humor about it. "You are given the opportunity to play them and you make a mockery of it!"

"I don't think I have a soul," Librado said. "That must be it."

"I don't think you have a bone in your back!" Noriega shouted, half knowing Librado was not serious but still not able to see it as humor.

"I have bone in my back, all right," Librado responded, "but probably not as much as they had in the horse car days—when you were the big matador. Probably not as much bone in the head as they had then either."

Vilchis came riding up to get ready for the pic. Watching from the corner of his eye for Noriega's reaction, Librado told Vilchis, "You'd better bear down on this one, Vilchis. I don't want to have to work too hard in the last half."

"You'll be honest in this one if the bull gets you as a result," Noriega said furiously. To Vilchis he said, "Ease up on this one. I give the orders. I say it."

Vilchis nodded and rode along the fence a few yards to get in place. Easy, easy, easy, easy, he kept saying to himself. You don't have to do it this time. You can lessen the mutilation this time. You have the authorization to abate your part in it. If you have to you can at least hold back in it. This time you can, anyway. Easy, easy, he said to himself. He saw the muscle in the bull's hump well up suddenly like a fist under the black hide. That was the target and his eyes were fixed on it. But he could hit it softly this time. Easy, easy, easy. Then the bull was moving toward him, slowly it seemed—as though in slow motion. And the awful hatred—of the sport of bullfighting, of the sickening mutilation, of everyone who took part in it, of himself especially—exploded in him. He couldn't help himself. There was nothing he could do about it. He lanced down bitterly and drove the pic with all his strength into the innocent bull.

"Vilchis!" Noriega shouted furiously.

Out in the middle, Librado had made a decent pass and the pro-Primaveras were whooping it up. But when Chucho Gomez got his turn at it they gave him a fair reaction too, and it gave him hope and an idea. He went over to the fence and got the bunch of roses. In his innocence, he thought he might turn the crowd to him with a daring gesture. Molly had really had nothing to do with it, but he would use her as a symbol. He'd heard about Armillita doing this trick. It didn't occur to him at that moment that he wasn't the great Armillita.

Chucho took the roses in his hand and walked a few yards into the circle. He waited until they were looking at him; then he threw his cape back over the fence and held up the roses. He postured to indicate he was going to decoy the bull with the roses. Of course he was doing it for the lady who had made him a present of them. The public decided to like it. They gave a wonderful cheer, and he stood there for twenty seconds looking like the Statue of Liberty with the roses held up in his hand like a torch. As the cheer began to diminish, he signaled with the roses first toward Molly and then toward the bull. That got another salvo from the crowd. It worked as well as if Chucho had thought it up himself—and if Armillita had really invented it what difference did that make?

Chucho stalked the bull with the roses in his hand. He exaggerated every movement, knowing he had them with him now. The whole thing made Molly nervous. She felt involved in it because of the roses. But then at just the most serious moment she almost laughed. Chucho got in position and

held out the red flowers to the bull to lure it in for the charge and Molly thought of Ferdinand The Bull. Nothing could have been more inappropriate, but that was what happened. The result was she had to squeeze her eyes closed to keep from giggling, and she missed the pass altogether. She opened her eyes again when she heard the cheer, and because she saw that Chucho was grinning and bowing and waving to her with the roses she felt obliged to cheer too. Chucho passed the bull a second time with the roses and the crowd shouted out the Chuuuuu-cho! call, sympathetically this time; but Molly, who wasn't sure whether he was going through the act on her account or not, couldn't help wondering if the bull enjoyed smelling the flowers.

The bull took another pic from the picador who was Vilchis' mate, after the sensation of the roses was over. Librado brought the bull off the horse this time.

"Look," Consuelo Colin said to his wife, "—the ceremonial cape."

"Why is he using it?" Concha asked.

"I don't know."

Then it became apparent why Librado had used the ceremonial cape for the pass. Holding it in front of him part way across, and then curling it into the crooked arm position later, he brought it over to Molly. His valet ran along beside him and climbed up on somebody's shoulders and spread it on the front of the stands in front of Molly while Librado stood below and watched. So this was the next step in the campaign that had begun when they'd met the previous Sunday; been continued at an accelerated pace Tuesday evening at the Terpsichore Gardens . . .

"I dedicate this bull to a sapphire," Librado said, bowing with almost ironical humor. Her heart beat faster and she smiled.

She felt along the brocade of the cape, and under one corner discovered a small slip of paper. Her discovery surprised her, for a moment she did not realize what it was. Then she saw that it was a note. She opened it.

It read: *If you want to go to the Casino with me tonight, signal with your handkerchief.* Molly thought that the brevity of it was self-assured and arrogant. Nevertheless, she almost subconsciously felt in her purse to see if she had a handkerchief with her as she looked up again.

Librado had his back to her, so the matter need not be decided now. But should she acquiesce to what was almost a summons? She considered this for a moment. But she was watching Librado, and soon she had forgotten about the note. He was going along to the bull almost prancing. He seemed at each step about to break into a wicked little dance. He didn't have a thing, no cape or anything, in his hands.

The public was howling. There was something so fantastic about Librado's ironical, whimsical advance on the bull. And barehanded! The incident of the roses was nothing compared to this. Then Librado actually drew the bull along past him with his bare hand as the lure. The ovation was riotous. But right through it the people couldn't stop laughing.

The comic spirit was in the ascendancy. The picadors out, Librado took the *muleta* cloth and began the short passes. Every movement was satirical.

Some of it was pretty broad, and then the sun section would howl with laughter. Chucho Gomez was forgotten now. It was only Librado. Everyone was a pro-Primavera now. Those who had been antis earlier were more devout now than the others.

Noriega stood stiff and upright behind the fence with his cloth cap pulled down low. He gazed out from under the brim of his cap and watched the world ending.

The people began to throw down hats for Librado and he made a circulation of the plaza picking up the hats and sailing them back up into the stands. Then he picked up a brown fedora that was banged out of shape from wear and went over to the bull. He worked the bull with the brown felt hat until it wearied and gave up and stood still and quiescent in the middle of the ring. Librado reached out gingerly and placed the hat between the bull's horns. The bull consented to be made a fool of. It stood there calmly with its billiard ball eyes regarding Librado and wore the brown felt hat. This conquest of the animal by the man made everyone who saw it feel wonderful. It was fine when the man slew the enormous animal with the thin, bright blade of the sword, and it was good to experience that vicariously; but this went beyond that. It was comic on the surface, but it was a great deal more than just comedy. The heart of an animal that was born and bred to murder with its horns was broken. It stood docile as a house cat. And each individual in the stands felt that in some subtle way it was he himself who had accomplished it.

A moment later Librado put the sword in through the chink between the shoulder blades and tickled the heart with it. The bull seemed surprised and saddened that the comedy was over. It swayed an instant; then it turned and lumbered slowly toward the fence. It gazed about wistfully for the gate through which it had lunged so valiantly twenty minutes ago; it wanted to go home. Librado, who could now do nothing wrong, sensed the pathos of the occasion and strolled sympathetically beside the bull. He put his arm over its back and the two of them went slowly around the endless circle of the fence. Until at last the bull wavered and dropped.

Librado gave it a farewell pat on the rump, and immediately flung the same arm up grandly in a triumphant salute to the crowd.

VI

Chucho Gomez understood that there was nothing left for him but abnegation. He turned in upon himself and longed to sink himself in the depths of his tragedy. He wanted to be martyred now, so that someone would weep for him. If no one else would weep for him he would weep for himself.

The twenty-year-old bullfighter told himself that he stood among the shreds of his career on this afternoon of only his seventh or eighth big bullfight. He should not have been such a fool as to think he could compete against Librado Primavera.

Watching his next bull come out, Chucho reached in under his sash and pulled out the card of the red queen. He looked at it a moment and then

tore it in two and dropped the halves on the ground. Let the black queens do what they would. It didn't matter.

As he went out to play the bull, he had to kick aside the debris scattered everywhere in tribute to Librado Primavera. Hats, canes, flowers, programs. He was careful not to be vindictive. He shoved things out of his way quietly and with resignation. The band began to play the Primavera pasa doble. This in spite of the fact that it was Gomez working now. Chucho smiled wanly. The crowd ignored him and cheered the Primavera music. When Librado declined to come out for a bow they went so far as to cheer the band leader and the assortment of terrible musicians who played the Primavera music. Chucho only smiled and brought the bull through dangerously close, and stood passively to watch it turn again.

Chucho was really working beautifully as the cape period went on, although he hardly knew it. He was working with a faint, wan grace that was moving and pathetic. He was letting the horn tick his jacket braid too. The audience applauded mildly, and this seemed to Chucho to be very ironical.

It seemed to him terribly ironical that they cheered him nearly as much as Primavera when the two of them competed in the saves off the picadors. The truth of it was, Librado was quite willing to play jokes and win the crowd with horseplay, and the artist in him could not help rising to the great moments; but, generally, he wasn't interested in spending time sitting in a Monterrey hospital holding a horn gap closed when he could be earning money elsewhere. No, it was all right with him if they liked Gomez.

And they had to like Gomez now in spite of themselves. The wonderful mood Primavera had given them carried over. And Gomez was standing right under the trolley wire each time he brought the bull through. Gradually, they began to feel the fatal element in it. It grew on them moment by moment. It finally became awesome, and they cheered more and more in an effort to break the spell of it. Molly felt it, although she did not understand it as clearly as some of the seasoned spectators did. It was like an actual goring. That also they liked and didn't like. These moments, elemental things came close to them—close to their spirits but fortunately not close to their bodies, and they liked it and disliked it. But they were always aroused by it and would always express themselves by cheering—a good deal more for the relief of it than because it gave recognition to the man whose body was involved.

Chucho stood nearly as listless as a flower stalk and bent into the path of the bull. At times it seemed he would wilt right onto the horns and it would be all over. And at each of these weird sorties the public applauded. It was becoming a distorted sort of triumph, and as it developed in proportion Chucho smiled to himself with sharper and sharper bitterness. He stood outside himself and watched his pathetic, drooping body combat the terrible bull, and steeped in self-pity, he knew it was pure tragedy. But the crowd wanted to turn it into triumph.

He thought of the black queens and took position to receive the bull on

the sword. It was a way of killing that had gone out of date years before. The chances were very great that the bull would think it better to put the horns into the man than to put itself on the sword. A lot of bullfighters had sat in wheelchairs the rest of their lives after trying to kill on the reception of the animal, and a lot more hadn't had any rest of their lives to spend in wheelchairs or anywhere else after trying it. Now Chucho stood quietly to receive, and some people in the crowd didn't have the nerve to watch.

The bull came in and everything was all right except that the point of the sword struck bone and went in only half an inch or so. Part of the crowd cheered Chucho for the attempt, but a greater part of the crowd remained silent.

Four times Chucho tried it, striking bone every time. The fifth time the suspense broke and the whole thing, what was happening now and therefore all that had happened leading up to it, was ludicrous. It was a good way to take it. It relieved the suspense. It turned Chucho back into the clown they wanted him to be. The people hooted, and then they began to throw cushions and bottles as Chucho struck bone again. It seemed that even the bull was sick of the proceedings. The bull hardly bothered to charge now.

The people gave catcalls and began the locomotive and rained down cushions and bottles until the arena looked like a back alley. A cushion struck Chucho. Then another. Then a beer bottle hit him in the side. He imagined that he was standing on top of the world; the whole world was bending away from him and leaving him utterly alone. He went in once more to stab, but the bull gave a negligent twist of its head and gored him in the stomach. He stepped back then and clasped his hands over his wound. Then he withdrew them. He felt very fine and strong for a moment and was beginning to smile when the sun came down into his forehead.

He recovered consciousness while they were carrying him out of the ring. At first he thought he would make an heroic show of it and struggle to his feet and go back, but then he knew without moving a muscle he could not do it. He looked up into the sweaty face of Librado Primavera and said, "Get the priest. I am going to die."

"You're crazy," Librado told him. "They don't die of this one. You won't die."

They were at the fence then and Librado had to let the rest of them carry Chucho on down to the infirmary, because now that he was the lone matador he had to go back and finish the bull. He raised his eyes to watch them go down the runway, and as he did so he saw Noriega come up hurriedly, swinging the ruined right leg.

Librado turned away and started back out toward the bull. "Yes, that'll be it," he said half aloud. "That wound there right above the groin. I wonder whose manager he'll be ten years from now? Only he won't limp; he'll be stooped over like a scrubwoman." He looked up and found that he was confronting the bull. "All right," he said aloud, "I'll fix this bloody straw bag for you, Gomez."

In the stands, Molly felt that her blood was unfreezing slowly. As the thaw spread through her body she found she could breathe more regularly again, and the constriction of her throat relaxed.

"Will he be all right?" she asked Consuelo.

"It is a serious goring," Consuelo said; then, as her face paled again, "—but he will not die. It is not in the area which causes death."

The crowd had been hushed after the goring, but now individual cheers were blossoming here and there, like the first grass stems coming through after the desolation of winter. Soon the cheers were frequent; and then the concerted roar began again. For each cheer was a blast of sound, an organ blast with all the stops out. Librado was working with a fury and straight-forwardness he did not often show in the provinces. They urged him on with roar after roar, glad to be able to forget what had happened a few moments ago in the ecstasy of this new sensation. Watching him through the fading light of the Sunday afternoon, Molly wondered if she would signal him with her handkerchief—in spite of everything. Then she realized that she would. She felt ashamed, felt a slight disgust for herself, as though she were planning to go dancing after a funeral; but she knew that when the bull was dead and it was over she would wave her handkerchief.

Librado killed the bull cleanly and daringly, honestly and without bravado, and went over to the fence to put up his tools as though he were a draftsman or carpenter who had finished for the day.

Suddenly the momentary silence was broken by a simultaneous shout from hundreds of voices: "The ear!" And everyone began to wave his handkerchief to signify that the President of the Plaza should award the ear of the bull to Librado in recognition of his valor. The ring of the stands was white with fluttering handkerchiefs. Molly stood in her seat at the front of the stands and waved hers too. Librado was just a few yards away and she knew that if he looked up he would see her.

The crowd began to demand a circulation of the plaza. They were elated now that they saw the afternoon was ending in triumph after all. But Librado stepped out from the fence, bowed once, looked up slowly with a contemptuous smile on his face and withdrew. He did not look for Molly's handkerchief. Least of all for hers. He knew it would be waving there in the Sunday dusk. He did not have to look to know. He had sent her the note, hadn't he? And he was Librado Primavera, wasn't he?—so she would wave. But she could wave until she broke her wrist and it would do her no good. She had been the Red Queen, and she had failed to provide protection. To hell with her then. Not that he was a stupid peon who had so little education as to believe in the cards. No, he spat upon the cards. It wasn't that. He didn't know exactly what it was. But whatever it was—to hell with her and her supplicating white dove of a handkerchief. And the rest of the handkerchiefs too.

He took his case of swords under his arm like a golf bag and went out under the stands angrily.

ARTHUR MIZENER:

"The Fathers" and Realistic Fiction

Mr. E. M. Forster once remarked that, alas, the one indispensable ingredient of the novel is the story. He wished it were melody, or perception of the truth; but in fact it was not. This is a very characteristic twentieth-century complaint, implicit in many novels and explicit among the critics; it has recurred very recently in Mr. Joseph Frank's essay on "Spatial Form in Modern Literature," which has run through several numbers of the *Sewanee Review*. This essay is an account of how some of our most gifted novelists have, as Mr. Frank says, abandoned any pretensions to certain kinds of verisimilitude so that they might give us what he calls "spatial apprehension." No one in his sense, I suppose, wishes to belittle what we have gained through the experiments of Mr. Frank's kind of novelists or to contemplate the loss of what they have produced. Still, it is surely well to remember that all their innovations are, in effect, new conventions, or, as it would perhaps be more accurate to say, ways of proceeding which may, if the author is lucky, become conventions. If they do not, they will tend, in the long run, to isolate their inventors.

This is the point, of course, where we used to spit on our hands and get ready for the old battle about obscurity. But this is probably a by-way into which we got misled by our enemies. At least what matters is, not whether an author is obscure, but whether his way of embodying his insight gives it for our imaginations life, once it is understood. Mr. Frank's alternative to spatial form is the pursuit of what he calls "the naturalistic principle." He is probably right when he implies that the pursuit of this principle results in a very limited form for fiction. But "the naturalistic principle" is not the only alternative to a spatial representation of the novelist's vision. The traditional form of fiction, as of the drama and the epic to which it is related, is the realistic form, the conventionalized representation of "nature" in the old sense of the word. This is a form which offers, in its conventions, innumerable opportunities for serving ends beyond those of mere recognition without sacrificing the accepted, conventional representation of actuality. The very existence of this form raises the question of whether, in sacrificing the accepted, conventional representation of life, the novel does not discard an essential ingredient which does not in fact have to be discarded even for the limited immediate purpose.

Even if Bacon's description of poetry as that which "submits the shows of things to the desires of the mind" be too rationalistic in its conception of the relation between the two, it has the great virtue of stressing the importance for poetry of the show of things. It prevents, that is, our forgetting that we accept a poet's vision of life because what he *shows* us is a particular and believable representation of life; the vision lives for our imaginations in this representation, so that verisimilitude is not just a trick of the trade, a set

of rules which give the poet a chance to show his ingenuity; it is the body of the fiction's life, without which the vision becomes a ghost. It is, of course, a representation; we do not suppose it *is* life, for as Dr. Johnson said of theatrical representations, "The spectators are always in their senses, and know . . . that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players." Moreover, the representation may not in fact be of life as life "really" is—whatever "really" means here; it may, as Aristotle observed, be a probable impossibility. But it is a representation in whose probability we believe whether we are aware of the poet's vision or not. No doubt it is true that poetry is more "philosophical" than history, but this saying is surely not meant to imply that poetry is not, all the same, history. A proper fiction may be read nearly as literally as good history. Neither can be read absolutely literally; both are partly a matter of fact and partly a matter of myth.¹ All this is, or is supposed to be, commonplace; it is to say that a fiction is an imitation of life. To sacrifice this probability, these shows of things, this imitation of life, under the mistaken impression that it hampers the vision, is for the novelist to gain his own soul and lose the world.² Older fictions offer innumerable examples of how the author's vision achieves imaginative life through, rather than in spite of, this probability, this conventionalized representation of conventionalized actuality. Mr. Frank would have it that we accept a Shakespeare play "as we accept an abstract painting." It is surely a bold man who thus ignores or denies—I am not sure which—the fact that the typical Shakespeare play is, within the limits of the theatrical conventions of its day, a brilliant and immediate depiction of people and events and only thereafter and because it is such, an imaginatively living vision of life. Such examples are, however, somewhat beside the point of contemporary fiction. What I would like to do, therefore, is to take a novel published in 1939 which seems to me to illustrate with a success for which it has hardly received credit, the advantages, for the very purposes on which experimental fiction has fixed its attention, of the realistic form.

This novel is Mr. Allen Tate's *The Fathers*, and it has the peculiar merit, for the present purposes, of leaving no question at all of what its author intended. Mr. Tate has written of that intention:

I wished to retain the great gains in sensuous immediacy won by the Jamesian or impressionist branch of the naturalistic tradition, and to eliminate its hocus-pocus of "motivation" and cause and effect, along with its reliance upon "recognition" or mere detailed photography of the scene for effect upon the reader. . . . to do this I tried to construct an artifice which

¹ There is a moment, near the end of Allen Tate's *The Fathers*, where Lacy Buchan, driven almost to the limit of his physical and nervous endurance, imagines that his grandfather is walking along the road beside him. His grandfather points out to him the resemblance between George Posey and Jason. It is a wonderfully apt mythological comparison, but it makes the symbolism of the novel perhaps too overt; the passage insists so much on the symbolism that it is difficult to accept literally, for all the ingenuity with which it is introduced.

² Or as Mr. Tate wrote in 1936: "The poet as seer who experiences life in behalf of the population is a picture that is not clear in my mind, but it is an interesting picture; it happens to be one with which I have no sympathy at all."

would permit the reader to experience meaning rather than mere recognition; or put otherwise, I tried to make the whole structure symbolic in terms of realistic detail, so that you could subtract the symbolism, or remain unaware of it, without losing the literal level of meaning . . . but if you subtract the literal or realistic detail, the symbolic structure disappears.

The most important single device in the book for achieving this end is the particular kind of first-person narrative Mr. Tate uses. His narrator, Lacy Buchan, is an old man who, as a boy, had participated in the events he describes. This allows Mr. Tate to move back and forth between the hind-sight, removed judgment of the old man and the partial understanding and direct, sensuous reflection of the boy whom the old man remembers, and, any time he needs to, from the boy unobtrusively into something very close to third-person narration.³ Thus the presentation becomes both psychologically probable and symbolically relevant, or, as Mr. Tate puts it: "The personal narrator permitted continuous dramatization of the symbolism because, first of all, he unconsciously *sees* the action that way; and a further embedding of the symbolism was gained by the fact that he is part of the action himself." So completely, indeed, is Lacy Buchan dramatized that, even in him, the novel's theme is realized; for while the life of Pleasant Hill and the Buchan family has half completed the slow process of civilizing him, "I shared," as he says, "[George Posey's] impatience with the world as it was, as indeed every child must whose discipline is incomplete. He could do things I should lose the desire to do by the time I was grown and my own master." (44)

This narrative device allows, moreover, the rearrangement of the chronology of the narrative, in the most natural and plausible way, so as to juxtapose significantly related events. For instance, the novel opens on the day of Lacy Buchan's mother's funeral at Pleasant Hill in 1860. We see Lacy's brother-in-law, George Posey, refusing to be present at the funeral. We are led by means of a trick of association—notice that this is a recollection within a recollection—to Lacy's recalling the conduct of George at a point two years earlier, when he was wooing Lacy's sister, Susan. Three times we are brought back, by various natural interruptions of this meditation, to the day of the funeral in order that small incidents of considerable symbolic importance may be introduced at just the right points, until the meditation has filled in the whole two years and we have been brought up to date. This is, of course, the familiar epic procedure done realistically, and it provides all the necessary opportunities for non-temporal patterning without destroying our sense that we are observing an imitation of real events occurring in real time. By such means as this the theme participates in the probability of the events, and the novel's meaning becomes, not so much the author's, as life's.

Precisely because the symbol of *The Fathers* is always in this way a probable action, it is impossible to state its theme apart from the action without betray-

³ "In my feelings of that time there is a new element—my feelings now about that time . . . the emotions have ordered themselves in memory, and that memory is not what happened in the year 1860 but rather a few symbols, a voice, a tree, a gun shining on the wall . . ." (22)

ing both the novel and the purpose of this paper. Yet for the sake of analysis that theme must be stated, however crudely. It is the conflict between the static situation which a society reaches when, by slow degrees, it has disciplined all personal feelings to custom, so that the individual no longer exists apart from the ritual of society, and the forces that exist—because time does not stand still—both within and without the persons who constitute the society which will destroy that discipline and leave the individual again naked and alone. "People living in formal societies," says the narrator, "lacking the historical imagination, can imagine for themselves only a timeless existence." (183) So it is with the Buchan family. But George Posey, for all his great personal gifts, his generosity, his kindness, his charm, is a man who receives "the shock of the world at the end of his nerves" because, not living as part of any society, he is wholly unprotected. He is a man who, having nothing to tell him what to do or where to go, is always violently in motion. Lacy Buchan, without knowing why, always sees him as "a horseman riding over a precipice." (10, 179) "Excessively refined persons," thinks the narrator, remembering the differences between the Posey family and his own, "have a communion with the abyss; but is not civilization the agreement, slowly arrived at, to let the abyss alone?" (185-186)

It would be well worth while, were there space here, to illustrate how completely this theme is a part of Mr. Tate's way of knowing things. Major Buchan, for instance, says of Cousin Curtis' literary efforts: "The tropes become more tropical every year," and then, "Curtis is a most accomplished gentleman. A very fine artist, sir! In the heroic style. And an elegant speaker." (41) This double judgment of the Cousin Curtis' style appears again in Mr. Tate's "Profession of Letters in the South" and in the passage in "What is a Traditional Society?" on the *ore orotundo* style. Dr. Cartwright, the Episcopal clergyman of *The Fathers*, seems to Lacy Buchan "to be just a voice, in the *ore orotundo* of impersonality, no feeling but in the words themselves," (105) and these are the qualities of Major Buchan's every-day speech (17) and of Cousin John Semmes' orations. (56, 161) Such connections exist everywhere between *The Fathers* and Mr. Tate's other work.

The first third of *The Fathers*, when time is made to seem almost to stand still through the device of the recollection within a recollection, is an accumulation of incidents and scenes which show us in detail the contrast between the old way of life and its people and the new. There is a sense, of course, in which, because of the date of the action, all this is an account of the internal change which had already defeated the Virginia way of life before the War, just as there is a sense in which every realistic fiction is, and intends perfectly seriously to be, history. But as such it is also an account of how time, working as a part of every civilization and of all the individuals who constitute it, defeats it. This contrast between the old and the new comes to a kind of climax in the wonderful comic scene in which George, having first offended against all the rules of the Buchan's way of life, comes, not to ask Major Buchan for Susan's hand, but to say, "Major Buchan, I intend to marry your daughter."

(38) In the scene which leads up to this declaration, Major Buchan puts George in his place as firmly as he knows how to; he fails to ask after George's family, "the first thing he always did when he met anybody, black or white," and tells him that "I don't know that we are entitled to your kindness—no sir, I don't know that we are." (34) But George refuses to be put in his place; "he was incredibly at ease, the way a man is at ease when he is alone." (35) Major Buchan could only "look as if someone entitled to know all about it had denied the heliocentric theory or argued that there were no Abolitionists in Boston." (35) This is high comedy, but it is high comedy with tragic implications. Major Buchan is a man who literally exists in terms of this game, who is not conscious of wanting anything or knowing anything except what falls within its limits. His innocence of the possibility of the individual life lived personally and apart from them is helpless before the anarchic, impulsive, and completely personal activity of George Posey. Lacy is reminded by this scene of "the only time I had ever seen my father blush; somebody had tried to tell him his private affairs, beginning, 'If you will allow me to be personal,' and papa blushed because he could never allow anybody to be personal." (44) In exactly the same way Major Buchan's innocence of the possibility of a competitive society makes him helpless before the financial conception of property and the anarchic violence of civil war:

Your pa—says shrewd Cousin John Semmes to Lacy—thinks the government is a group of high-minded gentlemen who are trying to yield everything to one another. Damn it, Lacy, it's just men like your pa who are the glory of the Old Dominion, and the surest proof of her greatness, that are going to ruin us . . . They won't let themselves see what is going on. (124)

But George Posey, though he hates money as such, gets a kind of sense of reality from translating things into these terms; he even thinks of Yellow Jim, his half-brother and slave, as "liquid capital," an attitude toward slavery which profoundly shocks the Buchans. It is very characteristic that George's contribution to the Confederate cause should be smuggled goods, shrewdly purchased in the North, and that he should, satchel full of money in hand after one of these transactions, say to Cousin John: "Mr. Semmes, your people are about to fight a war. They remind me of a passel of young 'uns playing prisoners' base." (166) Yet the man and the world which ignore Major Buchan's rules, or some such rules, are equally helpless before themselves. George Posey is unprotected either from that which is outside him or that which is within him. "Our lives," thinks Lacy, "were eternally balanced upon a pedestal below which lay an abyss I could not name. Within that invisible tension my father knew the moves of an intricate game that he expected everybody else to play." Then the narrator adds: "That, I think, was because everything he was and felt was in the game." (43) But George Posey was a creature of the abyss nothing of whose thoughts and feelings was in the game.

At one point in the story the narrator recalls how some child once asked his mother why a certain bull had been brought to Pleasant Hill.

"He's here on business," my mother said, and looking back to that remark I know that she was a person for whom her small world held life in its entirety, and who, through that knowledge, knew all that was necessary of the world at large. (184)

But when George Posey, walking with Major Buchan, comes upon a young bull which has been turned into a herd of cows —

I looked at George Posey. He was blushing to the roots of his hair. He looked helpless and betrayed. I saw papa give him a sharp and critical glance, and then he said, "Mr. Posey, excuse me, I have some business with Mr. Higgins. I will ask Lacy here to take you back to the house." Papa's eyes were on the ground while George Posey mastered himself. (45)

"The Poseys," as the narrator remarks later on, "were more refined than the Buchans, but less civilized." (179)

In exactly the same way, George is simply incapable of facing the fact of death. Major Buchan "was crushed [by his wife's death] but in his sorrow he knew what everybody else was feeling, and in his high innocence he required that they know it too and be as polite as he." (98) He even—such is his pride in his own dignity and honor—is polite to George when the latter returns after refusing to attend the funeral ceremony. (109) The basis of his attitude is the basis of the world of which he is a part.

It seemed plain [at my age] — says Lacy elsewhere — that a great many people had to be treated, not as you felt about yourself, but as they deserved. How could you decide what people deserved? That was the trouble. You couldn't decide. So you came to believe in honor and dignity for their own sakes since all proper men knew what honor was and could recognize dignity; but nobody knew what human nature was or could presume to mete out justice to others. (210)

But George flees the funeral because he "needed intensely . . . to escape from the forms of death which were, to us, only the completion of life, and in which there could be nothing personal." (22) George's flight is to the Buchans an example of "the kind of rudeness that my mother took almost as seriously as lying." (25) When he does come back, he greets Semmes Buchan, who is a medical student, with, "I reckon you'll be cutting up your cadavers again this time next week," and says to Lacy: "by God they'll all starve to death, that's what they'll do. They do nothing but die and marry and think about the honor of Virginia.' He rammed his hands into his pockets and shouted: 'I want to be thrown to the hogs. I tell you I want to be thrown to the hogs!'" (107)⁴ "As to all unprotected persons," the narrator thinks on another occasion, "death was horrible to him; therefore he faced it in its aspect of greatest horror — the corrupted body." (185) He is not even able to pay his respects to his own mother after she has died. When his uncle meets him at the door

⁴ Compare Lacy's thoughts after watching George's behavior at his own mother's death: "If they had not been of their Church, they would have thrown one another at death into the river." (256) And, indeed, George does throw Yellow Jim into the river after Semmes has shot him. (258)

of the parlor with, "Nephew, it pains me to greet you in these melancholy circumstances. Your mother—" George, "looking at him as if he were a child," interrupts him: "She's dead, ain't she?" (256) And then turns abruptly away without ever seeing his mother. "As Brother George threw back the door to the steps down to the kitchen," says the narrator, "I believed that he was imponderable, that I could have put my finger through him. When death could be like this, nobody was living." (256) This is the end of growing up in a household and "a world in which the social acts became privacies." (182) In the Posey household the last fragment of social existence is old Aunt Milly Jane's spying through the crack of her bedroom door, which she never comes through, at everyone who passes in the hall. "People have to get life where they can," Susan says, ". . . it makes her live." (172)

In a world—the narrator thinks—in which all men were like him, George would not have suffered—and he did suffer—the shock of communion with a world he could not recover; while that world existed, its piety, its order, its elaborate rigamarole—his own forfeited heritage—teased him like a nightmare . . . (180)

So it was with George when he participated in the elaborate, Strawberry-Hill-Gothic ritual of the tournament. We catch a glimpse of how much serious intent flowed into this ritual in Brother Semmes' attitude. "I knew," says Lacy, "that he didn't mind bringing [Minta Lewis] to the tournament because everybody knew that [she] was his cousin, not his choice; but he'd be damned if he'd ride, win the prize, and crown her queen." (61) George does ride, wins the "small wreath of laurel that somebody must have made a trip to the Bull Run Mountains to get," (69) and then, on an irresistible impulse to laugh at these, to him, "antic people," "as Susan leaned forward to receive [the wreath], according to custom, on her head, he hesitated, looked around him, and then dropped [it] into her lap." (70) A little later he is involved in a duel with an insolent, drunken rider whom he has defeated in the tournament. When they meet he first makes a magnificent practice shot and then again on an impulse, suddenly knocks his opponent down with one blow. It is all that opponent deserves, but it is another terrible failure to realize himself within the terms of the world which he is inescapably with and incapable of being in.⁵

Thus George, who cannot live in the objective world of custom and ceremony which exists, is always trying to make, out of whole cloth, a world in which he can live. He has no resource except his impulses and only in improvised and violent action can he attain even an illusion of selfrealization. "He is alone," as grandfather Buchan says, "like a tornado." (268) But as

⁵ This episode reveals clearly the conflict of attitudes which is at the heart of the novel's meaning, a conflict of understanding and rejection which is like that of tragedy. How close that conflict is to Mr. Tate's understanding is perhaps illustrated by a comment of his on George Posey's antagonist: "A remote cousin of mine, a Captain McCarty of Virginia, a great rascal and braggart, fought the last duel in Virginia, around 1875; he appeared on the scene drunk, and his opponent refused to fight him."

Lacy Buchan takes his place beside his father in the funeral procession he thinks:

Now I felt nothing, yet the moment had come that all this waiting had been for, but it was lost in each new movement, each new step into our places in the melancholy procession. There was of course no one moment that it was all leading up to, and that piece of knowledge about life . . . has permitted me to survive the disasters that overwhelmed other and better men . . . Not even death was an instant; it too became a part of the ceaseless flow, instructing me to beware of fixing any hope, or some terrible lack of it, upon birth or death, or upon love or the giving in marriage . . . I had to learn all this: papa . . . had no need to learn nor even to understand it, for to him there could have been nothing to understand.

But for George there is only a kind of terrifying personal sincerity with which to meet all these things; he cannot face death at all; when Susan accepts him, he says, with frightening and pathetic earnestness: "I must thank you for the happiest day of my life, sir!" (78) and, having shot Semmes Buchan on an impulse which astonishes him, he writes Major Buchan a letter which tries to explain why he did it. "Brother George," Lacy thinks, "had been sincere . . . had been appallingly too sincere." (279)

Between George Posey and Major Buchan stands, symbolically, the figure of Susan, George's wife and the Major's daughter.

There can be no question—the narrator thinks—but that Susan had been fascinated by George's mysterious power, by his secrecy and violence; but she wanted not power, nor secrecy, nor violence, except in so far as she could employ them to subdue these qualities in George Posey. She could not have known that George was outside life, or had a secret of life that no one had heard of at Pleasant Hill. To Susan the life around her in childhood had been final. (183)

But after she has lived with George and his family—each of them isolated in his room and the shell of himself, hardly knowing, as George's uncle does not, whether it is night or day—she learns that these are not just peculiar old people; they are not really old at all; they are rather people who have dropped out of life and forgotten how to get back through the looking glass, like the Alice of Mr. Tate's poem. "[George] is always," Susan says, "living somewhere else. He never talks to me." (173) "There is no doubt," as the narrator says, "that [George] loved Susan too much; by that I mean he was too personal, and with his exacerbated nerves he was constantly receiving impressions out of the chasm that yawns beneath lovers; therefore he must have had a secret brutality for her when they were alone." (185) In the end Susan comes to focus all her life on preventing another Buchan, Semmes, from marrying George's sister; and she succeeds, by allowing, indeed almost causing, Yellow Jim, George's half brother and slave, to attack that sister. When, in spite of her efforts, Semmes, like a good Buchan, is about to shoot the attacker, she blazes out at her husband: "George Posey, if you allow my brother to shoot your brother for you, I will never see you again." (253)

Semmes does shoot Yellow Jim, and George shoots Semmes; and Susan breaks.

"Why," the narrator wonders, "cannot life change without tangling the lives of innocent persons? Why do innocent persons cease their innocence and become violent and evil in themselves that such great changes may take place?" (5) For they had all been innocent—Major Buchan, George, Susan; and they all, in their different ways, remained innocent to the end, though they all became more or less evil, too; for even Major Buchan's pride becomes a force for evil. Thus, either through them, as in the case of George, or through a change in the world about them by which "unnatural vices are fathered by our heroism," as in the case of Major Buchan, or both, as in the case of Susan, time and change manifest themselves concretely in the action of the novel. At the end, as George and Lacy stand beside the smoldering ruins of Pleasant Hill, Lacy asks: "Can't we do something?" But George can only say: "I have done too much." (306)⁶

Such is *The Fathers*, a novel with an action of certain magnitude which satisfies the demands of probability and which is, at the same time, a sustained, detailed, and unified symbol. And because it is the former, the symbolism becomes, not the expression of a lyric and personal response to life; that would be to remain an airy nothing in a more serious sense than Theseus seems to have meant, to remain imponderable, as George Posey did in life. (256) It achieves rather the full life which the local habitation of a probable action gives, as George Posey's mighty opposite, Major Buchan, did in life. The motive of the novel's action is a meaning, and the life of that meaning is an action. *The Fathers* is, in a very full sense, an imitation of life.

⁶ Pleasant Hill is, of course, an important symbol for the whole novel. On the day of his mother's funeral Lacy has, in the unfamiliar hush, a momentary vision of it empty of life, "if we went to town." (21) They do go, later, and George, who grew up in an uncivilized town household, takes over Pleasant Hill, repairs, repaints, and puts it on a business basis for the sake of the heirs. Cousin John thinks it "a piece of damned impertinence for George Posey to mind Lew's business for him" (131) "because," as the narrator observes, "he allowed himself to see not what George was doing but only the way he did it," (133) an attitude not wholly lacking in wisdom as this remark may seem to imply. The Buchans could never think of Pleasant Hill, or anything else for that matter, as money, liquid capital; but George is inclined to think of everything as money.

MINA LOY:

Hilarious Israel

Phoenix of Exodus
on whose Morgue-nest
mortgage forever forecloses

.

Ariser out of massacre
messiah
of our amusement.

Across prosceniums
your olden torture
pays gushing premiums
of laughter.

Cerebral master of ceremonies

what so diverts you
in your martyrdom
to stow in, to
press out of, you
virtue of pleasure
to delight your foe?

What esoteric "tic"
transforms
metallic thorns of succorless fosterlands
to pastel limbs of chorus-girls in bloom;

the blood on pogrom exits
to rubies of pomegranates
on costume?

Magnet to maniac
misfortune

History inclines to you
as a dental surgeon
over the sufferer's chair

has self-sought anaesthesia
dazed you
into theatrical lairs?

As sons of cruel sires
suddenly
brought to the circus
deliriously succumb
to the surprise of the jocund.

Coma of logic
myopia of ire
conspire for you a curious atmosphere

Jew-dew
befallen spurious horizons
to expire
a musical elixir.

.

Weirdly
the sobbing standee of the Wailing-Wall
hangs out his sign on Broadway
"Standing room only."

Aid of the Madonna

Madonnas are everlastingly mothers in ecstasy.
Their alcove arms
retire the Felicity of their conception
from eld and the disorderliness
of peril,
reproving harm.

Madonnas are aeon-moments of motherhood
— a moment is Time surrounded by itself —
in perpetuation of their beatitude,
their attitude
of smiling havens,
of sacred shelves.

Omitted omen of Calvary!
Uncarved Crucifixion!

Chiffon Velours

She is sere.

Her features,
verging on a shriek
reviling age,

flee from death in odd directions
somehow retained by a web of wrinkles.

The site of vanished breasts
is marked by a safety pin.

Rigid
at rest against the corner-stone
of a department store.

Hers alone to model
the last creation,

original design
of destitution.

Clothed in memorial scraps
skimpy even for a skeleton.

Trimmed with one sudden burst
oddly by murder,

attains the absolute smile
of dispossession:

the marble pause before the extinct haven
Death's drear
erasure of fear,

the unassumed
composure

the purposeless peace
sealing the faces
of corpses —

Corpses are virgin.

EDWIN MOSELEY

Art Nook

Dana sat looking at the picture on the wall before him. He did not like the picture so much as when he first borrowed it, "free to servicemen," at the student rental gallery. He kept telling himself that it was no longer interesting, but every time he sat at his desk to write a letter home or to study his Japanese or to read a book his eyes returned to the print. The picture, a copy of a gouache by somebody named Lurcat, showed the male figure of "Bather" striding across an abandoned beach. The bather's arms and legs bulged with knots of muscle. His expanded chest pressed against the black and white top of his bathing suit, and his fat buttocks crowded his grey trunks. He lifted shapeless hands to either side of his head, as if he were smoothing his black hair into place. Between his large hands, his head was dwarfed into a marble; it sat on his neckless shoulders, a cat's head on an ape's body. The beach in the background stretched beyond the horizon past isolated crags of stone that were simultaneously rock piles no higher than the bather's waist and mountains towering above him. The sun in the pale blue sky of the picture was in black eclipse but the beach was glaring and hot, and the ashen skin of the bather glistened with sweat.

"Bather" had first interested Dana because the flat, drab colors of its clear-cut image suggested many things at once. The figure was a strutting life-guard seen from his feet up, in the perspective of an observer lying on the beach. It was a monstrous giant showing off his physique, oblivious to the disproportionate relation of his head and his body. It was an idol and a model, it was a fear and a threat; it was an unusual combination of grey and black and brown and olive green. At first the picture both fascinated and annoyed Dana, and he soon became aware that it even disturbed him. Perhaps, he rationalized, beside the other pictures in the room "Bather" is pale and obvious, perhaps it is a tour de force in technique and in subject matter.

"What is this, the art nook?" one of the boys had looked in and asked the night Dana was tacking picture hooks into the plaster wall. Dana had made so much noise driving in the nails that the boys in the next room had yelled through the wall: "Hey, cut the noise; we got a Jap test tomorrow." With his wooden shoebrush Dana had taken twice as long to put in the nails as he would have with a hammer, but where could he pick up a hammer in an Army dormitory? He thought of how at home he could walk out onto the back porch, even at night when the light was off, and put his hand immediately on a hammer or a screw driver or newspapers for the living room fire.

When Dana came to the university on his Army assignment to study Japanese, the dormitory living quarters seemed luxurious after the wooden barracks of the infantry camp. At the university Dana lived with three other en-

listed men in a suite of three rooms, a study with desks and chairs and two adjacent sleeping rooms with bunks and clothes presses, and other men assigned to the specialized training unit occupied similar quarters. To Dana, the four desks and four chairs of the study room were less lonely than the fifty iron cots and fifty metal lockers of the barrack, and three men were more company than forty-nine. Dana had hoped that the pictures from the gallery would make the study room seem smaller and the white plaster walls seem less naked and less cold. When he decided definitely to get the pictures, he asked his roommates if they had any preferences. If he wanted to go to the trouble of getting the pictures and hanging them, they replied, he could get whatever he liked. They did not often agree with or understand Dana's tastes and opinions, but like the other boys in the unit they showed a tacit respect and a quiet friendliness for his twenty-eight years and his six feet of height and his former profession as an English instructor at an Eastern college.

The first picture Dana hung was an oil of a woman playing the piano. The woman was big, not fat but big-boned, and she had short bobbed hair and a long neck. The hair and the red sweater which looked like a sweat shirt and the tight grey skirt up to her knees made him imagine her beating out ragtime in some Greenwich Village joint back in the twenties. In the twenties Dana was a kid not yet in his teens but he had come to know and to love that sad and tender decade as if it belonged to him alone. Always Dana pretended to use the post-war years as a text from which to draw morals, like the medieval monks who appended religious advice to the fabliaux. Once since he had been in the Army he had written to his wife: "I have just finished reading Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*. It is not a book to read at times like this: the frustrations, the uncertainties, the lack of direction, the thin line between sanity and insanity in the motivation of his characters, the decay of an entire culture, they all depress me. We should learn from this book what not to let ourselves become—I do not mean to sound like a preacher, but I know how easy it is for us to give in to rotting, not romantically and expensively as Fitzgerald's characters, but nevertheless rotting."

British soldiers in Indonesia and American soldiers in China and a one-thousand-billion-dollar reparations bill for Germany had helped Dana to feel closer than ever to the Paris of the expatriates, a Paris he had only read about in books or heard on records. A friend, fortunate enough to be 4-F, had written to him from Taxco, Mexico, that the place was teeming with the sensitive refugees from this post-war chaos, that when and if he ever got out of the Army he should come on down and write in the morning sun and take siestas in the afternoon sun and drink good wine in the cool night. At least that would be better than living on an island in the St. Lawrence River. One of his fellow trainees back at basic used to say that when the next war came—they were always sure that it would come—he was going to hide on an island he had purchased in the St. Lawrence, far away from points of industry and commerce, that he'd be damned if anyone would find him there or bother

to bomb such an unimportant place, and Dana would say that we should have learned our lesson about where isolation, personal and social, would get us, that if we wanted to avoid another war, there could be no hiding away, especially by the intelligent people.

The intelligent people had made mistakes before; they had fiddled while the whole damned world was about to burst into flames. They were something like the small water color hanging next to the woman beating the piano. It was called "Jew with Violin" and showed a kindly, quizzical, half-humorous old man with a pale green face, dressed in a coat of various shades of purple and trousers of plaid pastels. The old man certainly intended happiness to the world and in the picture anyway was spreading it, for he hung suspended in mid air above a village that was pale and vague and pretty like a world with no material values must be. If I were painting a picture of the sensitive man of the inter-war years, thought Dana, I might make him as gentle and as harmless as the old Jew but he would float above a blood-red sea of burning roofs and dying people.

Everybody greeted the picture hanging between the doors to the bunk rooms with: "What the hell is that?" Dana usually looked up and said, "It's called 'The Cavalier'."

"Yep," said Whitey, "there's a horse's head all right, but looks like a skeleton riding him." Whitey was a tall, blond nineteen-year-old who played forward on the company basketball team.

"That's what it looks like to me too," Dana said.

"What in God's name is this under the horse's front hoofs? A man or a woman?" he continued.

"I'd say a woman," said Dana, "but I don't know."

"Why'd you say that?"

"Well, see that raised knee. What does it look like to you?"

"Like a knee, natch." Whitey paused. "Say," he grinned at Dana, "you don't think that knee is a woman's tit, d'ya? How the hell can it be a knee and a tit at once?"

"I don't know," said Dana. "Just an idea, that's all."

"Well, it's still a puzzle to me," said Whitey, and he stood and looked at the picture a long time just as Dana had done when he first saw it on the wall at the rental gallery.

"Do you like that?" asked the girl at the gallery desk. He had noticed her when he came into the room, her big breasts, her smooth round cheeks, her hair swept up on her head in a pompadour like his mother wore when she was a girl. He remembered reading in *Life* magazine a few weeks before that curves were coming back, that returning veterans wanted their women to be more feminine.

"Yes, I do," said Dana.

The girl smiled. "Me too, but you can have it if you like."

He followed the black lines through patches of rust and gray crayon. A horse and a skeleton in armor, the heavy wheel of a chariot, mountains and

sky and water, the part body with the knee-tit beneath the horse's hoof, woman's head somewhere up in the sky.

"O.K., I'll take it," said Dana. He stood self-consciously in his khaki woolens and watched the girl remove the picture from the wall near the desk. Her behind was as round as her breasts, and she smiled at him with her straight white teeth.

Walking back to the dormitory, Dana kept looking at the picture. All of the curved lines seemed to become breasts: the mountain ridges, the clouds, the sea waves, and still the knee. Back in the dormitory, he was sure only of the knee.

Whitey looked a long time and finally left with, "Well, it beats the crap out of me." Whitey was one of the few boys in the unit who had experienced combat when the war was still on. He was in Italy for six months and had been returned to this country after he was shot in the leg. Because of his overseas service Whitey was accepted as the authority on European politics. "The Americans and the British had a hell of a time with the Partisans," he would say. "The ornery dago Partisans refused to give up their arms, and you just can't have civilians in enemy territory walking around with guns, can you?"

Dana no longer argued with Whitey. "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" someone would ask Dana, and Whitey would make his point: "I saw, I know."

"Beats the crap out of me," said Whitey every time he came into Dana's room and looked at the armored death on his dashing horse rushing forth to battle. "Beats the crap out of me."

The picture that all of the boys said they liked best was Rousseau's "The Cart," but they never lingered over it as they did over the others, perhaps because what it had to say seemed so apparent to them. "The Cart" pictured a French family starting out for a ride in a horse-drawn vehicle. They always made Dana laugh, the two dignified men with the waxed moustaches, the severe old woman, the unattractive daughter, the child with a face as old as her parents', the cat as morose and as proper as the rest. A black spaniel obediently waited under the cart, and the horse itself was as motionless and staid as the wooden horse Dana used to see in front of saddle and buggy store when he was a child. Dana was not sure why he laughed at the picture — maybe because the people seemed too sure of their place in a prosperous society to be submitted to Rousseau's primitive technique (primitive like a fox, Dana always thought).

"Reminds me of home," Daley had said. "A family with nothing to worry about." Daley had been a policeman on the New York City police force and was applying for a dependency discharge.

"These other damned things'll run you crazy," said Ken. Ken spoke three languages and liked to listen to Mozart. "At least there's some logical pattern in this one."

Big Wise, who came every night to borrow something to read in the latrine adjacent to Dana's room, glanced at the Rousseau on his way out. "God, miss my kids," he said. "I got to get out of this son-of-a-bitchin' Army."

Dana could never laugh at the picture when the boys turned it into their own symbols of security, for he felt sorry for them trying to seize temporarily upon some familiar object. He remembered, as a kid, going to see his father on the picket line and pitying the pale, ragged scabs running sheepishly through the factory gate even though he knew how wrong they were.

Dana continued to stare at the picture in front of him. "Bather" stuck his pin-head out of the frame. "What is this anyway," he asked Dana, "the art nook?"

"Yes," said Dana. He looked at the tall, muscular figure.

Bather walked over to the picture of the woman playing the piano. "Look at that round ass in that short skirt. What a dame," he said.

"Yes," said Dana.

"And who the hell is this playing the violin?" said Bather. "Looks like some goddam Jew with a hooked nose."

"Yes," said Dana. He watched the bulging muscles of Bather moving across the room, and the big shoulders standing in front of "The Cavalier."

"Jesus!" said Bather. "What in god's name is this? Looks like a skeleton on a horse."

"Yes," said Dana.

"Beats the crap out of me," said Bather. "Beats the crap out of me."

Bather turned around on his big feet and walked toward "The Cart." "Here's something you can put your teeth in," he said, "a family and a horse and a dog. I don't know what art is but I know what I like."

"Yes," said Dana.

Bather walked toward "Bather." His big arms hung limp by his sides while he stood before the picture. "This one I just don't get," he said.

"Yes," said Dana.

"Look at the head on this guinea," he said.

"Yes," said Dana.

"And those goddamn big legs."

Dana pushed his chair back from the desk and got up. He walked around the corner of the desk and approached Bather who had turned to face him. Dana stopped before Bather, less than a foot away, and Bather did not move. Dana drew up the lower part of his right arm slowly, deliberately, the way he had learned in basic training, then with all of his might he swung his balled fist into Bather's face.

Far away, Dana heard the tinkling sound of glass. He looked at the trembling fist he held in front of his eyes. The upper part of his fingers were cut in criss-cross patterns which were widening into a red smear of blood. Dana could hear himself sobbing.

The door quickly opened and Whitey stuck his head in: "Jesus, Dana, what's happened to ya?"

The pin-head of Bather looked with empty eyes at Dana from beneath a fringe of jagged glass. Behind, the beach stretched grey and endless.

The silver, asleep man stirs,
and his battle hands
Move toward their dead —
His mind, to a summit of birds.

RICHMOND LATTIMORE:

Sequence for Now

1

This was true, then. But the innocent eyes' phrase of invitation rippling to its mark was caught and twisted under those shining days. We had the magic and it would not work.

Inverse of alchemy, for gold was lead
and lilies loosened into mire. Hope burned
black pity for the unnecessary dead.
Fiction of silver promise this skill turned

to history in the blue flash, and again
despondent dust, and from the dust can flower
hot bolts of terror screaming through the brain,
and there will not be history any more.

2

You then, who shouldered your dragons against the dripping mist and broke the North to your knees, the blade bent into stubborn strength of water, ripping the fans of the boiling surf, angry, afraid,

insuperable: behind your dreams of wars
and binding idioms, to what westward now
or ultimate star, tell us again, what Mars,
what flame of worlds compels the questioning prow

to end all things forever or burn through?
You who turned your broad backs upon the nest
of swarming issues to embrace the blue
and cut your answer cold and clean, north west.

3

Peace, which is as the quiet feathers of hope
hushed in the parted iris of her flight's
extenuation, peace becomes, to loop
in radiant murmurs for love lost the night's

forgotten promontories. Iron bells
pulse down the pit to rock the driven wings.
The flight outlines a calm between two hells.
Italics of a moment, the thought swings

wide in a cool curve's question. Shall the night
be given our future to eat? For hope that flowers
along the budding thunder is more bright.
The dead remember, and their eyes were ours.

ROBERT B. HEILMAN:

Sue Bridehead Revisited

Precisely fifty years separate Hardy's Sue Bridehead (*Jude the Obscure*, 1895) and Waugh's Julia Flyte (*Brideshead Revisited*, 1945), but in the latter we are revisiting the original psychological scene, complete with the same inner and outer furnishings. The inner identity is the symbolic split which is one way of defining the troubled modern consciousness: to this we shall return. As for the narrative arrangements: Sue and Julia both are unorthodox (Sue is "Voltairean," Jude says), both marry the wrong man, both accept as "right" man, both wish to marry him, and both, in a decision which is a final thematic pointer, reject him under a religious imperative (Julia: "... I need God"; Sue is found lying under the cross at St. Silas's). In each story the right man is unsatisfactorily married to a woman whose original attraction was mainly or wholly sexual, and each opposes the religious conviction of his mistress's final withdrawal. And finally, the two novelists guiding the public visits to Sue and Julia had been, each in his own way, outrageously abused by the official and unofficial voices of a world hardly grateful for its fictional tour. With all this in common, the novels are saying quite different things, for one tells us that Sue destroys, the other that Julia salvages, herself; so we must inquire what has happened since Sue Bridehead was first called on a half century ago.

Though they judge Sue and Julia differently, Hardy and Waugh have one important identifying trait: both heroines come to their renunciations through the experience of a whole, enveloping intimacy, both bitter and sustaining, with the renounced. "They *lived* their problems," a romantic would say. That is not the point: both have to grope and probe because their world is in solution, and the codes from which spring a priori decisions are going or gone (Hardy's genius was to sense their dissolving so early). If we go back half a century before Sue, we come to Jane Eyre (1847), who also loved a married man but who, though she met the issue with reflective intensity and not just mechanically, found firm rules by which to make a decision in advance, and Louisa Bouverie in *Hard Times* (1854), a potentially excellent character who has escaped notice in the recent flurry of comment on Dickens (Jackson, Wilson, Orwell). Married, Louisa is made love to by James Harthouse; she is clearly moved by him; and Dickens seems for once about to deal with adult passion. But the conflict is dodged after all; Louisa jumps back in fright, a puppet jerked by the codes which in the 1890's could still damn "Jude the Obscene" but not prevent its author from detecting their essential loss of authority. Because of that loss, Jane and Louisa become Sue and Julia, with skeptical minds that lead them into the fiery furnace where they must assay without rules. But unsuspected impulses intervene, and both, so to speak, go back to the rules;

Hardy disapproves; Waugh approves. Hardy, on the one hand, gives us full Sue's suffering in her act of rejection and her repulsion at the chosen symbolic act of having intercourse with her husband Phillotson; and through Jude we are told that she endures "enslavement to forms" and is "creed drunk" and that "the letter killeth." Jude's own relapse is part of the dramatic judgment upon Sue. But in Julia Flyte, on the other hand, we are to see, not anguish of renunciation and horror at a compulsive choice, but the calm of one who after groping in the murk (where there was a kind of light, not altogether unpleasant), has come at last to the sun and feels secure. Her lover, though comprehending, registers bereavement; but truth to tell, he is a rather flimsy figure beside Jude, and we do not care much about him.

Waugh's break with Hardy over Sue Bridehead we might explain by the easy theory that in three literary generations we have come full circle; but Waugh is equally distant from Bronte and Dickens. To him, religion is not a value, a forming impulse which takes precedence over all others, not a set of ethical regulations—a point of view which would have seemed fantastic to Victorian novel-readers. Jane Eyre's religion is largely a set of practical prescriptions for conduct, and Louisa Bounderby is hardly aware of religion at all. If Waugh goes back beyond Hardy, he also goes beyond the Victorian—way beyond. To him, the break-up which Hardy grasped without wholly understanding it, has gone so far that he proposes, as the needed radical solution, a return to a way of life which to Hardy had seemed residual and conventionalized. That the proposal can be made—by a wit rather than a sentimental popularizer—and that the making of it is only one of a number of comparable phenomena are indices of how fast and how far we've come since Hardy's last novel; whereas Hardy the moralist could still tear down, moralists now seek—however disparate their metaphysics—a new cohesiveness, a new centripetality. Yet Waugh's solution, though there had to be a twentieth century to bring it forth, is not the characteristic way-out of the twentieth century, which has pretty thoroughly damned Waugh but is, ironically, quite hospitable to the once public-enemy, Hardy. Jude defends his and Sue's relationship as "Nature's own marriage": naturalistic blue-prints are our own characteristic endeavor. So the supernaturalist receives the condemnation once accorded the naturalist. A final irony is that Hardy and Waugh, who, unlike Bronte and Dickens, are relatively uncongenial to their different ages, are despite their differing prescriptions, almost brothers in diagnosis. For Hardy simply is not consistent. With his left hand he stigmatizes the "medievalism of Oxford, the inflexibility of marriage—a "clumsy contract," the distance and peremptoriness of the church. But his right hand, paying no attention to these implicit demands for "progress," attacks "the modern vice of unrest." To both men, that vice is a starting-point.

Thus Sue Bridehead, revisited fifty years after, makes possible a detached view of changing climate and changing formulae. But it is the business of the novelist to tell a story rather than to establish formulae—to ask questions as Hardy said, rather than to answer them—and the first visitor to Sue Bridehead

head is the better novelist. In one sense to compare Sue and Julia is not quite fair, since Waugh employs a multiple focus which diminishes the role of each individual; yet the final effect, centered in the Ryder-Julia relationship, depends largely on whether Julia "works." In fact, she does not. The novelist's technical problem is to communicate the existence, beneath the level of overt conduct, of a level of belief with which the overt conduct is at variance. Now Sue's inner split is suggested, from the start, with a remarkable, un-Hardyan subtlety. At first we see puzzling alternations of mood, whimsical shifts in her relations with Jude, psychic instabilities—all symptoms, we finally understand, of a failure of integration which, when the pressure is on, tears at her destructively; the whole picture has a high, vital intensity. But in Julia there is almost no dramatic proof of clash and struggle—once she hits Ryder in the face, and several times she is crabby. The split is not realized; it is as though her decision were made in advance, and Waugh were only filling in the pages. Even her tone has falsities. Compare the passionate speeches of Sue throughout Book VI with Julia's slightly literary farewell just before the Epilogue. Earlier Waugh gives Julia a line as Lady-Windermereish as "Yes, Rex . . . Charles and I are going into the moonlight." The systematic duality of her impulses makes logical Sue's final move, but with Julia we are merely told that everything is not right, not convinced of a private force which, at odds with her public behavior, must eventually dictate her moves. Is it that Hardy the asker of questions fights through Sue's battle, and that Waugh the answerer logically thinks through Julia's, writing it—not all parts of the book—with his head? (Writing fiction by head is always precarious, whatever the theology: the recent recorder of deeds of Hecate County is in every sense a headman, heading not subtly enough toward the box office, and he comes out much worse than Waugh). In the lovers there is the same disparity: Jude's anguished, pleading, incredulous, half-denunciatory expostulations with Sue, his mad, agonized struggle to regain her—he seems a secular Faust beside himself in his effort to seize an earthly salvation—and his saturnine relapse give him complete reality; Ryder senses ominous possibilities, talks petulantly a few times, and asks the naive questions of the straight-man building up the head's punch-lines. It is not enough. Hardy is both Sue and Jude; Waugh is Julia restored to the church, and he has to think out the rest. But the Catholic artist must be able to *imagine* antinomianism; indeed, as artist he must *believe* it, not merely be able to blueprint it logically.

Thus a return to Sue Bridehead not only lets us consider the aesthetic distance between two versions of the forces which qualify our options but reintroduces an old inquiry: what are the conditions of artistic creation? Edmund Wilson has written of the utility, to the artist, of being suspended between two cultures rather than being identified wholly with either; Auden, of the incapacitation—psychic, physical, or of whatever type it may be—for "normal" domestic or social or institutional activities which may serve, not as the source or explanation of the artistic impulse, but as guarantee that the energies required by the artistic vocation will not be otherwise dissipated.

What both hypotheses assume is the persistence of certain tensions, important for creation, which might be resolved by the artist's becoming wholly identified with an age or a culture or a society or an institution (state, party, region, church) or a combination of these as the ordinary human being is. The question here, then, is whether identification with a religious institution brings about total adjustment which dims the novelist's imagination of kinds of experience upon which, nevertheless, he must as novelist draw. Hardy, an outsider and a solitary, could fathom and richly reproduce kinds of experience which Waugh, an insider, fails to give body to; the outsider could imaginatively become the insider, with her need and her pain, but the insider has difficulties both with the outsider and with the insider whose entry means rejection as well as acceptance. Waugh is excellent on Rex Mottram because Rex's essence is simply a surface that reflects light ("He wasn't a complete human being at all"), and Waugh is a dead shot with his candid camera. But when Waugh, as the artist who would affirm must, tries more than trick shots, his effects are largely cut and dried. Huxley grows the mystic and deteriorates as novelist. It is not that dogma and mysticism are incompatible with creation; with them, and through them, may come fine poetry. Indeed, art is a way of defining allegiance; without them the creator is at loose ends; but when does allegiance threaten to atrophy the artist in fiction? Apparently when the allegiance is so fulfilling, so integrative that the writer can no longer satisfactorily imagine the conflict through which the allegiance is won; his personality is so thoroughly fused and his being so firmly oriented, that he cannot become, even in creative play, anyone less thoroughly formed and organized than he. Only one truth is now important to him, but it is beyond the stage of imaginable conflict; he has lost the means by which his truth may be dramatically earned, and as fabulist he is thrown back, evidently feeling no monitory jolt, upon assertion. His gift, his talent, his genius, no longer protected for their role in creation, revert to the general fund of energies which purchase salvation. They may be channeled fittingly, into hymns, even intense and moving hymns, or bubble over, surplus from the central realities which are complete and undemonstrable, into peripheral gaieties — the adventures of Father Brown, perhaps.

But historically men of deep religious experiences and loyalties have used their genius to create more than adulations and interludes. Must we not assume for them, then, unresolved tensions that can persist on into, or even arise within, the life that has found its unifying principle? Tensions, of luminatingly different sorts, are obviously at work in Dante and George Herbert. Such irritants we must find elsewhere if we want to understand the condition of creation. That condition is hardly the peace that passeth understanding, but rather the not wholly achieved allegiance, the felt resistances that extend comprehension, the dissonances and intractabilities — at home and abroad — that intrude upon quieting finalities. The subversive streak in Utopia and the anguish of orthodoxy, as well as the impulse to discover authority, were entirely accessible to the first caller, searching and troubled, upon a modern personage, Sue Bridehead.

T. WEISS:

Susan as a Pair of Eyes

Add Susan
 as a nook of sight, of laughter
 on the sly: add "ho!" to blue,
 "O" sedate and "how?" a stare,
 the thrusting of her chin,
 till windy sky is racing like
 our pond ("hepatica" her father,
 pointing, says) "patacake! patacake!
 clap your hands!" and we
 see beyond beyond.

Her chuckle is a huckle-
 berried hill, as is her run-
 ning and her fall, her grace-
 ful spill like pond; an April-
 rain is not so gay, so
 round. As Renee, tying Susan's
 shoelace, bends, Sue gravely
 pats her on the back:
 "I pat my mother, when
 she's good . . . now you

pat me!" and her chortle
 is as puffed, yes, sprouts
 a cherry-blossom tree
 in spray round buzzing saw
 and zooming boom of bee
 beside the droopeared rhododendron
 patch "Susan-sized,"
 next to the azalea bush
 "big as Bobby — he's our brother,"
 and another poised as "Pete —

he's our dog, sniffing at
 someone else's tree . . . that's
 GIANT and that's mother
 bending to kiss me
 when the curtains fly,
 fixed to a whee, and the night

comes in bigger than me!"
 and it did, out of the O
 of her eyes and the huddled
 corner of her voice

whisper-white for mystery,
 till sky's bright as a doll
 your wishing dare not have,
 a redcheeked day snatched out
 of your hands by "come to bed!"

PEGGY BENNETT:

Grandstand

The crack of the bat against the ball
 Is indistinct here high on the stands
 Where the valley rises to meet the sun
 And the sun continues its volley on the periphery
 Weow a run. The crowd rises, en masse
 And sits again, the batter comes to bat
 The Archangel is in the sky

The soldier turns close shoulder to look down
 Into her strange young excited face
 He molds his face into a masterful tender glance
 "Oh, I liiike you," he says. Crack the ball soars
 Warbles, and descends into the tiny pitcher's mitt
 Angel hordes tumble into the funnel
 To precipitate downward toward the earth

Now the angels are coming quick and fast
 Quicker and faster. Blue volumes of air
 At the far top of an aisle two small boys struggle
 Silently together amid a flurry of peanut hulls.